

CALLING ALL GIRLS

MARCH 1947 10¢

STORIES
FASHIONS
GOOD LOOKS
MOVIES, ETC.





the greatest name in sport shoes

5.95 — 8.95

Delicious for Dates

Cotton seersucker

plaid with

eyelet embroidery

frosting.

Ice-cream shades

of parfait pink,

lemon soda yellow,

lime green

and whipped

cream blue

with black

plaid.



Teen
sizes 7 to 15.
\$6.95.

Edwards

Rochester
Syracuse
Buffalo

Teena Paige
FASHIONS

Edwards,
Enclosed is \$6.95. Please send me
Teena Paige's cotton dress
Size _____ Color _____ 2nd Color _____
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

When writing to advertisers, please mention CALLING ALL GIRLS.

Contents

MARCH, 1947

From You to Us.....	4
In Place of Glamour.....	23
King James.....	26
Let's Talk Things Over.....	28
The Egg and You.....	29
This Is the Suit!.....	30
Sugar Coat Your Spring Wardrobe.....	32
Good Groundwork for Suits.....	34
I Want a Pretty Dress for Easter.....	35
Judy Wing.....	36
On with the Dance.....	38
CAG Model in Hollywood.....	40
Mayor Martin's Daughter.....	42
Under Your Easter Bonnet.....	44
Conversation Pieces from St. Louis.....	46
Adventure in Mexico.....	48
Some Like 'Em Hot.....	50
All Set.....	51
Good for Giggles.....	52
Tricks for Teens.....	54
I Got to Fly!.....	56
Calling All Girls Club News.....	58
Three to One.....	60
Jabberwocky and Jive.....	62
Beauty Say-Words.....	64
Record Roters.....	80
How to Wear Your Chatelaine.....	81
Movies that Matter.....	82

CALLING ALL GIRLS is published monthly by CALLING ALL GIRLS, INC., a subsidiary of the publishers of the Parents' Magazine—52 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

President—GEORGE J. HECHT
 Publisher—ELLIOTT A. CAPLIN
 Editor—FRANCES ULLMANN
 Associate Editor—ANNETTE TURNGREN
 Art Editor—RALPH O. ELLSWORTH
 Assistant Art Editor—FRANCIS d'ANNUNZIO
 Fashion Art Editor—CAROL NISONOFF
 Decorating Editor—MAXINE LIVINGSTON
 Fashion Editor—NANCY PEPPER
 Food Editor—JANE RICHARDS
 Good Looks Editor—LOUISE CARLISLE
 Hollywood Editor—MARY JORDAN
 Let's Talk Editor—ALICE BARR GRAYSON
 Editorial Production Manager—MYRTLE BONN
 Assistant Editors—DOROTHY DAY, LOUISE EPPLEY, ALLENE REESE

JUNIOR ADVISORY EDITORS

DIANE DISNEY
 Daughter of Walt Disney
 GLORIA JEAN
 PEGGY ANN GARNER • ELIZABETH TAYLOR
 Movie Stars
 MARIAN GRUDEFF
 Canadian Concert Pianist
 PHILIPPA DUKE SCHUYLER
 Composer and Concert Pianist

SENIOR ADVISORY EDITORS

DOROTHY CANFIELD FISHER Famous Author	ANGELA M. LUCAS Natl. Co-Chairman for Youth
SONJA HENIE World-Famous Figure Skater	MARY L. NORTHWAY Assoc. Prof. of Psychology, Univ. of Toronto, Canada
OSA JOHNSON Jungle Explorer and Author	MRS. JAMES C. PARKER President, National Council of Camp Fire Girls
CLARA SAVAGE LITLEDAL Editor, Parents' Magazine	
SHIRLEY TEMPLE Movie Star	

CALLING ALL GIRLS, March, 1947, Vol. 7, No. 50. Publication Office: 4600 Diversey Ave., Chicago 29, Ill. Executive and Editorial Office: 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y. By subscription, \$1.00 a year in U. S. and Canada; in foreign countries, \$1.20. Printed in U. S. A. Copyright 1947 by Calling All Girls, Inc. Title registered U. S. Patent Office. Canadian copies entered as second-class mail at Toronto, Canada. Entered as second-class matter Jan. 27, 1942, at the Post Office, Chicago, Ill., under Act of March 3, 1879. Change of address, giving old and new addresses, should be sent six weeks in advance to Calling All Girls, Subscription Adjustment Bureau, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y. All manuscripts, etc., must be accompanied by return postage and are submitted at the risk of the sender.

FROM YOU to US



WE ALWAYS like to know what you think, and we are glad to publish excerpts from some of your letters. We wish we had space to print all of them. We hope more and more of you will write us—tell us what you like about the magazine, what you don't like, what you want to see in future issues. Though we can't answer all your letters, we give each one thoughtful consideration. When you write us, address your letters to From You to Us Editor, *Calling All Girls*, 52 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

Good giving

I enjoyed your article "Give Yourself Away." It really showed me the real meaning of giving and I think it was the best article in the magazine.

D. B., Chicago, Ill.

Our far-flung friends

Probably the reason I like CAG so much is that it gives us an idea of the real American teen-ager. Some people think that Filipinos are a bunch of people who go about in sarongs or "pahtahjangs and hamicas," as we call them, and who have no idea whatsoever about the English language. I guess they're in for a surprise. We teen-agers here have our own jam sessions and our favorite movie stars.

R. C., Manila, Philippines

Up-to-date and undismayed

I want to tell you how silly your story "Up-to-Date Christmas" was. Nowhere in the U.S.A. does a girl have a kid brother who gladly offers to do dishes for her, nor does a father shell out bill after bill just like that. Except for that, most of the stories are O.K.

C. S., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Knowing girls like you do, I can't see why you should publish such a story as "Up-to-Date Christmas." Many of the kids I have talked to have thought they'd like one like it so they are going to have an up-to-date Christmas at their home. Please, don't do anything like that again.

P. F., St. Marys, Pa.

I thought your stories "Up-to-Date Christmas" and "Let Nothing You Dismay" were super and by no means mild and ordinary.

C. G., Grand Rapids, Mich.

I certainly did enjoy everything in CAG, especially "Up-to-Date Christmas" and "Let Nothing You Dismay."

M. B., Princeton, W. Va.

Thanks for a wonderful story, "Let Nothing You Dismay." It is a wonderful lesson to us girls who have sisters-in-law.

M. D., Enterprise, Miss.

Too tricky and whacky?

My crowd and I are absolutely disgusted with the "Tricks for Teens" department. After all, we have our dignity to uphold. If we did any of the suggestions, people would think us slightly unbalanced. If you can't get better suggestions I suggest you drop that department because, on the whole, CAG is a sharp magazine and I hate to see it ruined by such silly suggestions.

H. D., New York, N. Y.

I think "Jabberwocky and Jive" is loads of fun. Each month I sit and laugh over it and the cartoons. Of course, I like "decent English," but why try to be dignified all the time. I believe everyone is entitled to his own opinion but I also believe in good clean fun. As for orange crates and second-hand chintz for dressing tables, I have one myself. In these days it's a good idea to conserve, but the thing about it is that I enjoy my dressing table more knowing I did make it. Furthermore, when I do things like that I save money to buy a dress or suit like those advertised.

P. S., Richmond, Va.

In regard to B. C.'s gripes, "Jabberwocky and Jive" merely requires a sense of humor and I think she should look up the meaning of the word "decent." True, very few of us speak that way, but I think I can speak for my friends in saying we get a kick out of it. As for "Tricks for Teens," some of the ideas are good and some aren't. I know there are quite a few girls who can't afford expensive things and I am sure they appreciate inexpensive tricks that make a smarter teen.

B. L., Horton, Kan.



Goldsmith's
of TENNESSEE



ALL LINED UP FOR SPRING . . .

and aren't you the bright one in your clever TEENA PAIGE frock with ruffled eyelet trim. A becoming dirndl in a DAN RIVER striped cotton. Blue, red, green or grey on white. Sized for TEENS 7 to 15 **\$6.95**

Goldsmith's
Memphis 1, Tenn.

Please send me my TEENA PAIGE frock \$6.95.

Size _____ Colors _____
(First Choice) (Second Choice)

Check _____ Money Order _____ C.O.D. _____

Name _____

Address _____

City & State _____

*parasol
prints*



for the
reigning beau!

For that big date with your
B.T.O. . . pretty yourself
with parasols! He likes
you feminine, too, so the rows
of ruffles'll help bring out
that romantic look in his
eye. UNIVERSITEENS
dreamy colors are lovely . . .
rose, maize, aqua and gray
Sizes: 7, 9, 11, 13 and 15.
...and only about \$11.

At better stores or write

 UNIVERSITEENS

1400 Broadway, New York 18

Universiteens

ROSSMAN
fabric

cut a pretty figure in the **CUT AWAY**

by **derby**



Another "Derby Winner" . . . with the cut-away front, the pleated back, and the tiny-waist belt that's so easy to wear now and Easter. Chosen yours in any of the new all-wool pastels, sizes 10 to 16. And the price is a breeze . . . only about \$20.

Wherever Teen Fashions are sold, or write **derby** Sportswear Inc., 1342 Broadway, New York 10.

social butterfly!

Selected for you by
Miss Nancy Pepper
Fashion Editor
of CAG

White-winged
butterflies on coral,
gray or aqua
rayon crepe.
Teen sizes 7, 9, 11,
13 and 15, \$10.95

by
Universteens

Adler's KANSAS CITY, MO.

ORDER BY MAIL POSTAGE PREPAID.

Adler's

Kansas City 6, Mo.

Please send me Social Butterfly dress in

COLORS: coral ☐ aqua ☐ gray ☐

SIZES: 7, 9, 11, 13, 15 (circle size wanted)

I enclose my check or money order for \$10.95

Please send C.O.D.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

Little Flirt



They call me "little flirt" 'cause I have such winning ways . . . what with my flattering double-capped sleeves . . . full, unpressed pleated skirt. Best of all, I'm designed by Teena-Paige in soft, smooth Concordia-Gallia rayon gabardine. Order me in becoming lime, aqua or grey. Sized for TEENS, 7 to 15.

8.98

If you can't see me in one of the six "Calling All Girls" wears below—send for me by mail. USE COUPON BELOW



OFFICIAL "CALLING ALL GIRLS" STORES:

Anderson, Ind., **HILL'S**
Flint, Mich., **THE FAIR**
Ft. Wayne, Ind., **GRAND LEADER**

Huntington, W. Va., **HUNTINGTON D. G.**
Jackson, Mich., **STILLMAN'S**
Utica, N. Y., **THE BOSTON STORE**

MISS CARROLL - 111 Eighth Ave., Room 511, New York 11, N. Y.

Please send me the Teena Paige dress in

Color: 1st choice _____ 2nd choice _____

Size _____ Price \$8.98

Name _____

Address _____

City & State _____

Check ☐

Money order ☐

When writing to advertisers, please mention **CALLING ALL GIRLS**.

Bonnie Blair FROCKS FOR TEENS



Live in 'Em - and Love 'Em!

Whether it's for refrigerator raid or class-room conference, these BONNIE BLAIR FROCKS by Cinderella are made for your every-day pleasure! You'll do a *rave* over their slick tricks . . . the lean little waist-

lines and flitter-flutter skirts. Plus the *colors* that stay put after plenty of washings. Look twice at the price—about \$4—and then dash for your favorite store! Slick chick—you! Sizes 10 to 16—at leading stores

BONNIE BLAIR FROCKS BY CINDERELLA

© 1947 Ravensau Bros. Inc., N.Y.C.

"You're a dream walking"

... or doing anything else in this Judy Lane Sophisticate. Button yourself up in this newest of suit dresses.

The waist-minimizing little jacket has a vividly embroidered yoke in harmonizing colors. The self-fabric buttons complete the picture of you... a dream walking. We've made it of the purest of wool in spring's own soft colors: powder blue, aqua, cerise and cocoa. Teen sizes 10 to 16.



About \$15.00



At Your Favorite Department or Specialty Store

or write



boston junior deb co.

116-120 HARRISON AVE., BOSTON, MASS

Lansburgh's
 7th, 8th and E Sts. Zone 4 NA 9800
 WASHINGTON, D. C.

Daisy Chain...

Designed by TEENA PAIGE who knows just what will set your best beau's heart a-fire. Rayon Romaine crepe in navy, grey, blue or rose with contrasting daisy chain trim. Sized for TEENS 9 to 15. \$8.95

Mail Orders prepaid in District of Columbia, Virginia and Maryland only. Remit postage beyond these states.



LANSBURGH & BRO., WASHINGTON 4, D. C.

Please send me my TEENA PAIGE dress, \$8.95.

Size Color (State Second Choice)

Enclosed Check ☐ Money Order ☐

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY & STATE

Lytton's

Henry C. Lytton & Company
235 SO. STATE ST., CHICAGO, ILL

There's a surprising side to this sweetly demure suit . . . tailored from a Winthrop Mills flannel in 100% pure wool. It's all in the little peplum peeking out at the back over a slim skirt. And the beautifully competent shoulders are cleverly curved, to emphasize a sharp intake of waist. Seven pastel shades. Sizes 10 to 16about \$30

Teen Shop—Sixth Floor

Manufactured by
DAN SNYDER and COMPANY



OF IT IS WHO'S Past the little-girl stage

PETITEEN sizes 10 to 14A are styled and sized just for you! You can wear PETITEENS without alterations, because each dress and suit is made for you alone!

Try on these two newest PETITEENS at your favorite store—they're NOT little-girl clothes built up for you, they're NOT teen fashions built down for you . . . but **THEY ARE** . . . a gorgeous dress, and a rave suit designed **ESPECIALLY FOR YOU!**

Exclusive with
THE T. FAIRY CO. LTD. In Canada

Petiteen

PETITEEN

Two Delicious Flavors!

Pink with aqua . . . pink
with grey . . . aqua with melon . . .

contrast as sweet as
your favorite sundae! Send now
to Peerless for "Two Delicious
Flavors" . . . then watch the
boys watch you! The yummy rayon
fabric has the look, feel and
cool charm of linen . . .

the shoulders are s-l-e-e-k . . . the
waist teeny . . . and the skirt

FULL. Sizes 7-9-11-13-15.

and it's only \$8.95

Please send me "Two Delicious Flavors"
@ \$8.95.

Color _____ Second color choice _____

Size _____

Check or Money Order Enclosed.

Send C.O.D. _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Relax
FABRIC

Underwear

Peerless
DARTMOUTH, RHODE ISLAND
ROY, NEW YORK



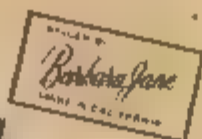
A GAL IN CALICO

How fine for you! Three gay dresses by
 • Barbara Jane, inspired by Capitol Record's hit
 tune, "A Gal in Calico," starring Johnny Mercer
 and the Pied Pipers. Helen Reed designed
 them in an exclusive Bates broadcloth
 plaid, they're yours for record sessions in
 teen-age sizes from 10 to 16.

About 10.95. Write for store nearest you.

BARBARA JANE

860 S. LOS ANGELES ST., L. A. 14, CALIF.



How popular are You?

Be a better dancer! Get Arthur Murray's new dance book — only 10c and 1 Wheaties boxtop!



If you're a busy dancer — up you go — your popularity. A sick chick thinks you're got rhythm in your feet. You might be more groovy on your dance steps. And be! Then send for this new dance book written by Arthur Murray. It's by that famous dancing teacher. Gives you the latest new-dance on the Fox Trot, Walz and Lindy Hop.

You learn by the Murray Magic Step method. Pictures and diagrams show you exactly where and how to move your feet. How to stand. How to follow easily and smoothly.

Dance gives you basic steps — the one, two, three. Also instructions on combining steps. So the hands giving out with a nod and a wink. No time to scrub the floor! Bone up on your footwork. Get the dope in 'Let's Dance'. Good manners count toward popularity. So the book includes pointers on dance floor etiquette. Tips on how to keep that stag line coming back for more. Whether a Big Time Operator refuses one man and dances with another. Whether it's smooth to dance with one partner only.

Arthur Murray's new dance book is offered by the makers of Wheaties, those crisp toasted whole wheat flakes. Try Wheaties at breakfast tomorrow. And send for your copy of 'Let's Dance'.

Write to General Mills, Inc., Dept. 372, at 623 Marquette Ave., Minneapolis, Minnesota. Enclose one Wheaties boxtop and 10c. Send today for this new Arthur Murray book, 'Let's Dance.' Be popular. Be a better dancer!



General Mills, Inc.

Fashion's in the clouds...

KITTEN'S EAR TWEED

atop the
Empire
State
Building!

The coat has antique coin buttons, a wide handsome belt... the sugar coat with the bright buttons has jaunty patch pockets. In luscious KITTEN'S EAR TWEED pastels. Sizes 9 to 15. Coat... About \$30. Sugar coat... Under \$25.



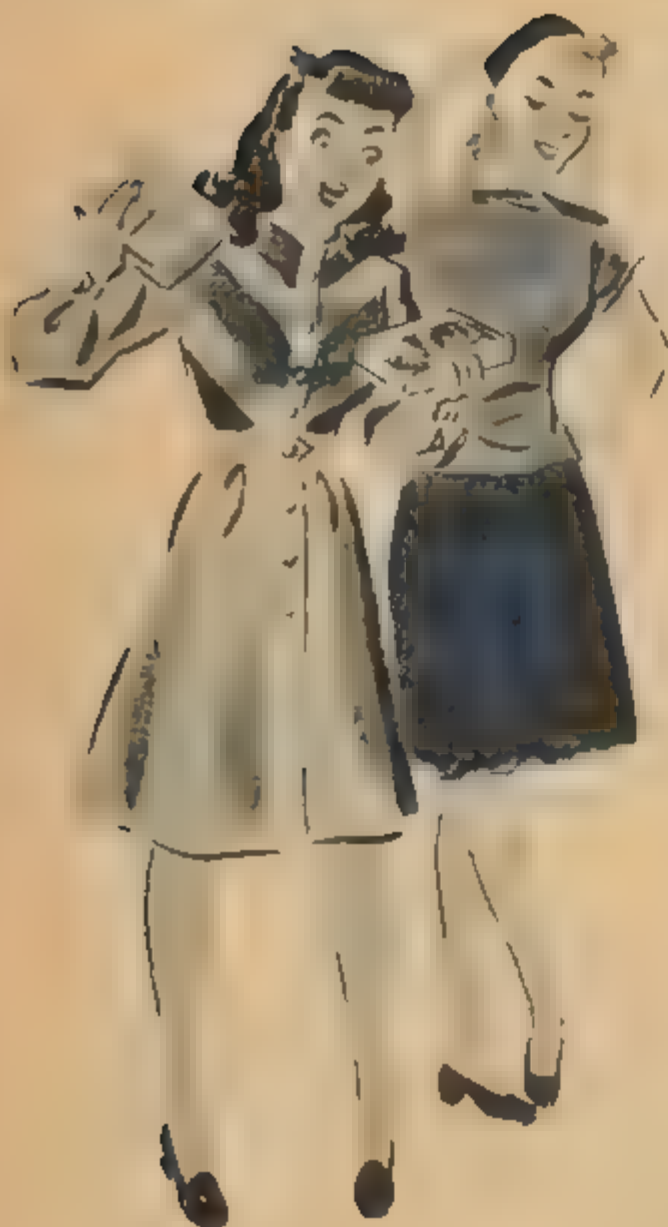
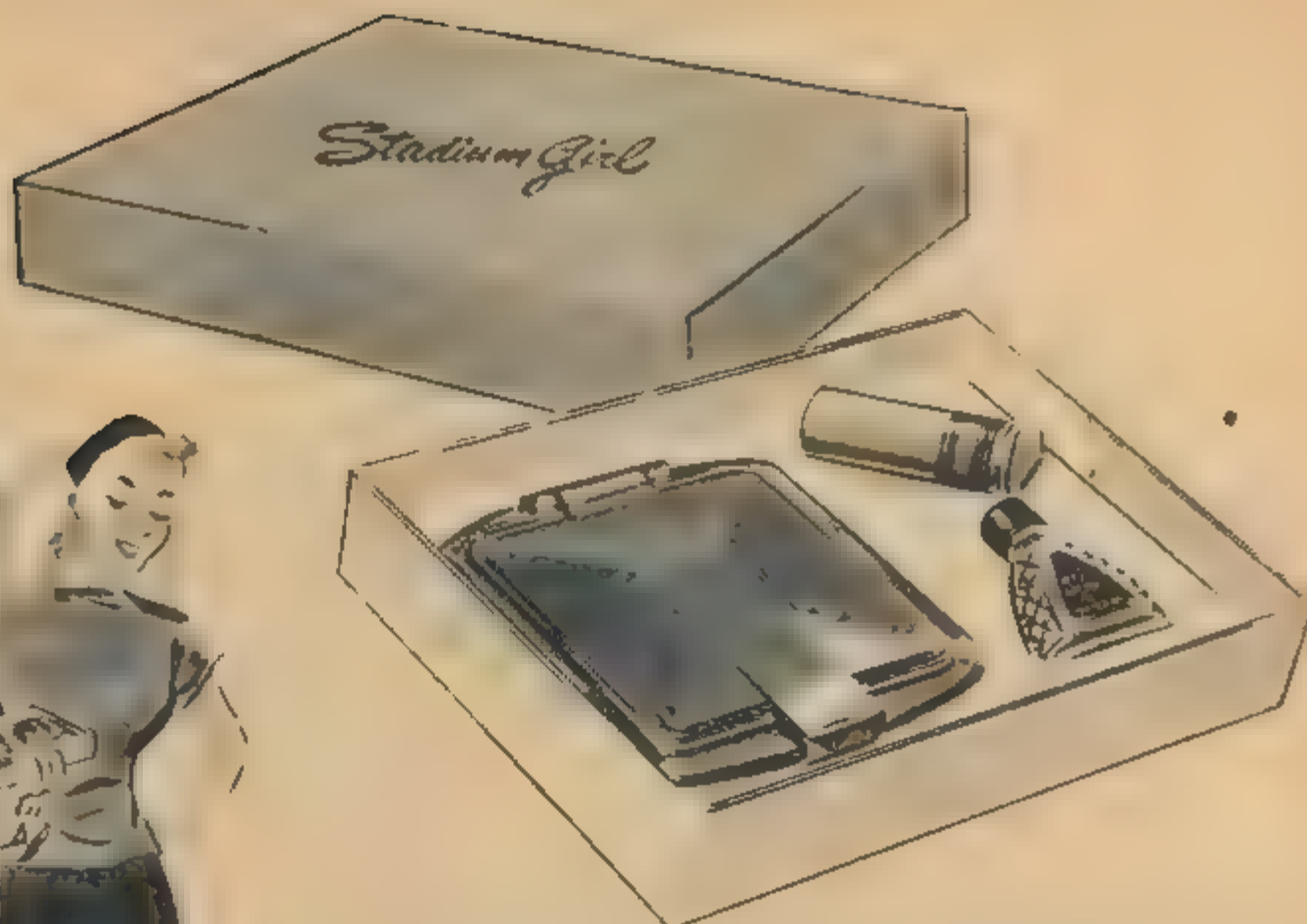
QUALITY
TAYONED
WITH
EARL GLO

KITTEN'S EAR
TWEED
100% VIRGIN WOOL

WALDMAN & CO.
520 8th Ave., New York City

You can WIN a KITTEN'S EAR COAT!... If yours is one of 10 best letters received by March 15th, telling us why you'd like one of these gay coats. Mention age and nearest shopping center.

When writing to advertisers, please mention CALLING ALL GIRLS.



It's terrific! . . . your gift of this impressive

Stadium Girl

\$1.00 COSMETIC GIFT BOX

(Monogrammed Compact . . . Lipstick . . . Perfume)

One peek inside this handsome, gold-colored Stadium Girl gift box is enough to thrill any girl. For look what it contains: (1) One of the most adorable compacts you've ever seen! It's the new *square* Stadium Girl plastic compact. And it's monogrammed with three initials on the cover in gold! (2) A large-size Stadium Girl Lipstick that stays on and on — in a fast-acting, plastic push-up container. (3) A whole dram of the brand-new, flower-fresh scent, Stadium Girl Perfume. . . . A Stadium Girl gift box is appreciated *anytime* as a birthday gift, "bread-and-butter" gift, party prize, etc. It's easy on your allowance — only one dollar (tax and postage included). Your choice of popular lipstick shade and compact color. . . . Order several Stadium Girl gift boxes, by coupon below. Be sure to include one for yourself!

Leading five and ten cent stores carry Stadium Girl Lipsticks . . . Stadium Girl Cake Makeup . . . Stadium Girl Rouge . . . and Stadium Girl Compacts.



• • • • • **TEAR OUT COUPON AND MAIL TODAY!** • • • • •

CAMPUS SALES CO., Dept. 737
411 T. Mason St., Milwaukee 2, Wisconsin

I am enclosing \$1.00 for each box (in Canada \$1.10), which includes tax and postage in full, or a total of \$_____ for _____ Stadium Girl Gift Boxes. I have indicated the compact color and lipstick shade at the top. The letters I want stamped in gold are clearly printed below.

NO C.O.D.'S PLEASE

☐ First initial ☐ Second initial ☐ Third initial

(Attach separate list of initials and color selections for additional boxes.)

My choice of compact color is:

☐ Red ☐ Blue
☐ Pink ☐ Aqua

My choice of lipstick shade is:

☐ Cherry Red (med. lt.)
☐ Sunset Pink (med.)
☐ Rare Orchid
☐ Tropic (med. dark)
☐ Ruby (dark)
☐ Burgundy (very dk.)

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

Hear
TOMMY
and
JIMMY

play the hits
that made
them famous!

"Green Eyes"
"Marie"
"At Sundown"
"I'm Getting Sentimental
Over You"
"The Object Of My
Affections"
"Everybody's Doin' It"
"Runnin' Wild"
"I'll Never Say Never
Again Again"
"To Me"



**SWINGDOM'S
GREATEST STARS
IN ONE GREAT FILM**

CHARLIE BARNET
HENRY BUSSE
HELEN O'CONNELL
BOB EBERLY
RAY BAUDUC
MIKE PINGATORE
ZIGGY ELMAN
ART TATUM
STUART FOSTER

and
**TOMMY DORSEY'S ORCHESTRA
and
JIMMY DORSEY'S ORCHESTRA**

Associate Producer **JOHN W. ROGERS**

Original Screen Play by Richard English,
Art Arthur, Curtis Kenyon

Produced by Directed by

CHARLES R. ROGERS • ALFRED E. GREEN

Released thru UNITED ARTISTS



Charlie Barnett



Henry Busse



Helen O'Connell



Bob Eberly



Art Tatum





PONY

EXPRESS

... a high-falutin', rootin', tootin' pair!

Shoes and purse-belt... smooth elk-finished

leather... stitched like a saddle,

fringed like chaps... in Cactus Green,

Sorrel Brown, Canyon Red. Shoes, \$6.95.

Belt, \$3.95. Visit or write the

store nearest you.



IMPERIAL SHOE STORE, New Orleans 16, La
KRJPP & TUFFLY, Inc., Houston 2, Texas
NORDSTROM'S, Seattle 1, Washington
THE POTTER SHOE COMPANY, Cincinnati 2, Ohio
ROBINSON'S, Kansas City 6, Mo
SOMMER & KAUFMANN, San Francisco 2, Calif
W. H. STEIGERWALT, Philadelphia 2, Pa

SHOE SOCIETIES

THAYER McNEIL, Boston 10, Mass.
C. A. VERNER CO., Pittsburgh 22, Pa
VOLK BROS. CO., Dallas 1, Texas
WETHERHOLD & METZGER, Allentown & Reading, Pa
THE FONTIUS SHOE CO., Denver 2, Colo.
GUDE'S, Los Angeles 14, Calif.
N. HESS' SONS, Baltimore 1, Md

I make the school paper-

AND GET THE INSIDE STORY!



EX-tra! Did I get a charge when I saw the Bulletin Board! Me—on the "Clarion"! Such glory for a mere Soph! (And what a chance to meet Bill, the star-dust Sports Editor!)

Sob story — Bill is polite — period

I don't rate in his Classified Section. No wonder—when I'm forever wearing such grim duds — actually not fit to print! (And all I get from my piggy bank is a reproachful look!)



Then I interview Carol, our Best-Dressed Senior. She's wearing a lush grey flannel job that rates headlines. And She jolts me when she says, quote "I've made my own things ever since I took those terr.f Singer Teen-Age Sewing Lessons!" unquote!

Whatta scoop! — I break the news to Dad, and he says he'll gladly donate 8 bucks to such a Worthy Cause!

So, quick like a bunny, I beat feet to the Singer Sewing Center!



Flash! I wore my utterly dreamy special-edition job to the Prom. (Feature this — I made it while I was learning!) — And Bill cut in like crazy! Jee-pers, how my circulation's increased since Singer made me the Power of the Press!



Got a burning yearning for more clothes?

Don't yearn, little one. Learn! The Singer Teen-Age Course will give you the info on cutting, fitting, patterns 'n'-such. Even on your tiny dud-budget, you can have a wardrobe that's really see-worthy, by making same! (Get details from your Singer Sewing Center. Listed in phone book under Singer Sewing Machine Company.)

↑
The dress illustrated requires approximately 4½ yds. of 39" wide material for size 12 and 10½ yds. of 7" wide velvet for the ruffle. The pattern number may be obtained from your local Singer Sewing Center.

SINGER SEWING CENTERS

There's one near you to serve you

When writing to advertisers, please mention CALLING ALL GIRLS.



In Place of

Glamour

A girl can go on being a carbon copy of her sister. But one day she's going to find it smarter to be herself, just as Sara did

By MARY BRINKER POST

THE two sisters were hunched over the dining-room table, doing their homework when the telephone rang. They both looked up, but it was Sara who scrambled to her feet and ran into the hall, while Sue tapped her perfect, white, even teeth with her pencil and waited with an expectant little smile.

Even as she lifted the receiver Sara knew it wouldn't be for her, and her heart burned with anger at herself for dashing to the phone.

"Hello," she said breathlessly.

"Sue?" drawled a deep, masculine voice.

With a resigned little sigh Sara replied, "No, this is Sara. Did you want to speak to Sue?"

The voice on the other end was friendly but disinterested. "Hiya, Sara. Sure, I want to speak to Sue, if she's there."

He implied that anyone so fascinating and sought-after as Sue could hardly be expected to be at home doing homework.

Sara laid the receiver on the desk and, pretending great indifference, walked slowly back to the dining room. Sue gave her a swift glance. Sara nodded.

"For you, of course, glamour puss. Sounds like Frank Brown."

Sara went slowly downstairs. Somehow she knew that she'd turn to wood the minute she entered the room where Sue was holding court.





Ivers

"Oh, dear, that droop. I'm busy. What does he want?" sighed Sue, but she got up quickly and started for the phone.

"The best-looking boy in school phones her and she says he's a droop. It must be wonderful to be glamorous." Sara's voice was flippant and she grinned after her sister, but in her heart smoldered the slow, steady fire of resentment, envy, despair.

What was the matter with her, anyhow? Why was it that Sue had all the glamor and she, Sara, had a—well, a pale, carbon copy of Sue's glamor? It wasn't that Sue was so much older that the boys were intrigued. The sisters were only eleven months apart. "More trouble than twins," their mother said. Sue had been quite sick when they were in grammar school, so the girls were in the same grade now. Perhaps that was part of the trouble. If Sue had been two or three years older they'd be in a different crowd and Sara wouldn't be competing with her. As it was, the situation was getting worse and worse.

Sara hadn't been particularly aware that Sue was so much better looking, more assured, and smoother until last year at junior high. Up until then Sara hadn't bothered much about her looks which had always seemed adequate if unexciting. She'd gone through the usual periods of coltishness, awkwardness, bumps in the wrong places, freckles, braces on her teeth, and unmanageable hair and had emerged quite nice-looking in a slim, eager, brown-haired, clear-eyed, ruddy-skinned way.

Her mother was rather vague about styles and hair-dos. Being a minister's wife and involved in Sunday school, choir, and guild meetings, she had let the girls select their own clothes and dress their hair according to their own taste. Sara had worn her hair short all through grade school and it was becoming to her elfin, round, bright-eyed face.

But last year when Sue suddenly developed into a glamour girl and began to have boys draped all over the front porch and the living room, Sara took a good look at the long, soft pageboy that gave Sue's slender, full-lipped face a definitely dreamy look, decided that if it worked for Sue it ought to work for her, too. She let her hair grow, did it just like her sister's. She copied Sue's way of dressing, too. And what happened? Exactly nothing.

Sara had always been good at sports and games; she had a lively sense of humor and loved to do imitations. But Sue was quieter, didn't care for games,

and instead of making wisecracks at the boys she laughed at their jokes. And they seemed to love it.

So Sara subdued her natural bounciness, bit her tongue when witty remarks popped into her head, sat with what she fondly hoped was a glamorous expression when what she really wanted to do was to suggest a brisk game of tennis. It might have worked if Sue hadn't been around, or if Sara hadn't felt so self-conscious and awkward. But the boys who could talk for hour after hour to Sue sat painfully trying to make conversation with Sara or politely escaped as soon as they could.

Sue came back from the telephone. She was trying to look bored, but Sara thought she noticed a satisfied little smile hover over her lips.

"It was Frank. He wants to come over and bring his cousin, Ben Gates."

"What about your English theme? It's got to be in Monday or you won't get a grade for the term," warned Sara.

"Oh, I've got tomorrow and Sunday to worry about that," answered Sue airily, and she picked up her books and went upstairs to comb her hair and put on some lipstick.

Sara concentrated on *Silas Marner* for another six minutes, then she, too, put away her books, dashed upstairs and fixed her hair. When the doorbell rang Sue ran down to let the boys in, but Sara stood in the middle of the bedroom, wanting to join them but overcome with shyness. It was utterly silly, of course, but she knew that the minute she entered the room where Sue was holding court, she'd turn to wood, be unable to open her mouth. She went slowly downstairs and into the front room where the others were already playing records.

After the boys had left, Sue said dreamily, "Isn't Ben cute? He wants me to go out with him tomorrow night."

"I think he's a droop," snapped Sara, pulling off her dress savagely as she got ready for bed.

"You're just mad because he didn't pay any attention to you," laughed Sue, not meaning to be malicious.

"O. K. And you just love that, don't you?" cried Sara furiously. "You'd be mad as hops, I bet, if a boy should come to the house and look at me instead of you. You're a mean, selfish girl and you're glad nobody notices me."

"Why, Sara," began Sue, round-eyed and astonished.

"Oh, don't pull your glamor on me. I wish I didn't have a sister." Sara popped into bed and (Continued on page 74)

You'd hardly think that just having a haircut could make a person feel so different.



THERE'S a lot in how you begin. You know—"as the twig is bent" and all that sort of thing. If you get a taste for something like show business during your cradle days, chances are you're in it for life.

Take Harry James, for instance. He's been a member of the show world since he squalled his first squall on March 16, 1916. His mother, Mabel James, was an aerial artist with the Mighty Haag Circus, and his father, Everett James, was the circus bandleader. Harry's childhood was all cluttered up with clowns, elephants, trapeze performers, and circus wagons. When other babies were sucking at their bottles in the privacy of their nurseries, young Harry Haag James (he got his second name from the circus, you notice) was bouncing along in a circus train and having his bottle heated in the chuck wagon. At the age of four, Harry was beating a drum for the brass band, and at five, instead of trotting off to school every morning he was performing in a side show billed as "Harry James—The Human Eel—World's Youngest Contortionist!"

Somehow in the course of traveling around the country with a traveling circus, Harry's schooling became slightly neglected. But music was one thing which Harry never lacked, for his father, besides being the bandmaster, was an excellent trumpeter who taught his young son how to play that instrument. Before he was in his teens Harry was the best trumpeter the circus had. In fact, at the age of twelve he was leading a circus band of his own for one of the Christy circus units!

What formal schooling Harry got was during the winter seasons when the circus was bedded down in Beaumont, Texas. By the time Harry was ready for high school, the James family had decided to settle down in Beaumont where his father had been offered a job as a music supervisor of the high school. It was there, during his

(Continued on page 72)

Above—With his wife, Betty Grable, Harry chats with Director Irving Cummings on the 20th Century-Fox lot. Harry's latest—"If I'm Lucky."

Right—The Horn in familiar setting. He's been directing a band and/or tooting a trumpet since childhood.

KING JAMES



When Harry James
gives a royal send-off to
those golden notes
that spill from his trumpet,
he's monarch of all his
music-mad teen-age fans

By DIXON GAYEN



Let's talk things over

with ALICE BARR GRAYSON

Author of "Do You Know Your Daughter?"

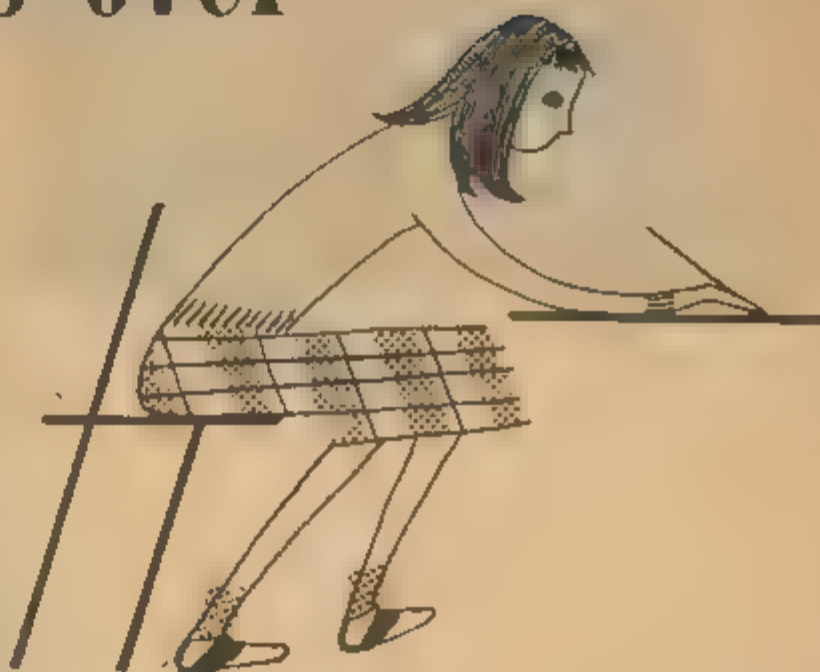
I have been going steady with a boy for over a year. Suddenly he has changed and seems as if he doesn't care about me any more. He says he wants to go with me and yet he says he doesn't care if we break up or not. He says he likes me very much and that I'm swell. But he doesn't come to see me any more during the week. Just lately I went to a dance with my girl-friend and I met a swell guy who likes me and wants to go with me. I want to go with this new boy but I don't know what to tell the other boy.—Shirley C., aged 17, Quebec.

JUST because Shirley found it such fun to be dated by a boy whose company she enjoyed so much for a whole year there is no reason why she cannot widen her friendship circle. As a matter of fact, she should consider herself lucky that she has opportunities to do so, that she is attractive enough to be liked and admired by several young men as well as by other girls in her community.

It is comfortable and very pleasant to go on and on spending one's time with a friend of whom one is sure. But making an effort to get to know a few others equally well is worth doing. Shirley will be sure of it once she tries. She could tell her friend that she'll be glad to see him as long as they both want to be together; but that both she and he should seek other companionship.

One nice thing about having a variety of pals is that a girl can have special dates with different ones at different times. And boys, too, have a right to pick special girl-friends for sharing various kinds of experiences. Tom loves swing music; he isn't likely to invite Mary to hear the best swing band in town if he knows she enjoys classical music. Betty's the one for him when it comes to that kind of a date. Joe's right on Jane's doorstep when tennis time comes, because Jane swings a wicked racket and enjoys it, but he chooses Carol for his jitterbugging partner. Fortunately, there are times when a whole crowd can have fun together, so that both pairing off and larger group activities are in order.

AIRING problems usually brings comfort and practical suggestions. Won't you write and tell Alice Barr Grayson what's on your mind? If you sign your complete name and address (they won't be printed), and state your age, a personal reply will be sent you—unless, of course, your problem or one just like yours is answered in this department. Write to Mrs. Grayson, *Calling All Girls*, 52 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.



One other thought for Shirley: She must be careful not to act possessive—as if the boys who date her have to sign on the dotted line that they'll be her exclusive, devoted admirers. It will be a good deal better for her and her friends if they all give themselves a chance for wider experiences. When the time comes later on for one-and-only choices, they'll know what things will mean most.

I have been told that dancing is the most important thing in a girl's life. Yet I just don't like dancing. What should I do?—Mary C., aged 14, Florida.

DANCING isn't "the most important thing in a girl's life" any more than skating, hiking, or going to movies. Many things go into making what we call "personality" and also into making a girl healthy, happy, and popular.

Just the same, Mary has hit upon something very real. She recognizes that it's a good thing to be able to keep up with other girls and boys and take part in their activities. In order to be friendly and sociable it's helpful to be able to do a thing or two well and to learn to join in various forms of recreation or play which aren't one's own number-one favorites. We know a young couple who don't care for playing cards. For an evening's pastime they'd far rather read, listen to good music, talk to friends, or perhaps go out for a walk. But when they are with certain friends who like bridge very much, they play, too, and manage to have a good time. They're not too good at the game but they try to do as well as they can, so as not to make things uninteresting for the others.

Mary is sure to meet other young people who like many things she enjoys; perhaps tennis, swimming, acting in plays, singing, or playing basketball are more to their liking. She may want to spend a good deal of time with these more "like-minded" friends. But among the dancing enthusiasts, too, she'll meet some (Continued on page 61)

The EGG and YOU

By NANCY PEPPER, Fashion Editor

Remember, when you were a little girl, the jarrylands of colored paper in those flower-festooned sugar Easter eggs? You'd squint through the mica-covered peephole and almost believe you held a whole Easter wonderland in your hands.

Well, make believe this page is the peephole to a fabulous wonderland of Easter

fashions. You can't see through our elegant egg—but you can turn the pages

And, unlike the panorama in your Easter egg, it's not just sugary make believe. It all comes

thrillingly true in the teen departments of the Official Headquarters Stores listed on page 98!

Navy with white traditional Easter favorite Felt toque with organdy ruching and streamers, by Q-Teens, about

\$5. Rayon crepe dress with scarf-print trim, by Jewelteens, about \$15. White cotton gloves by Dawnelle

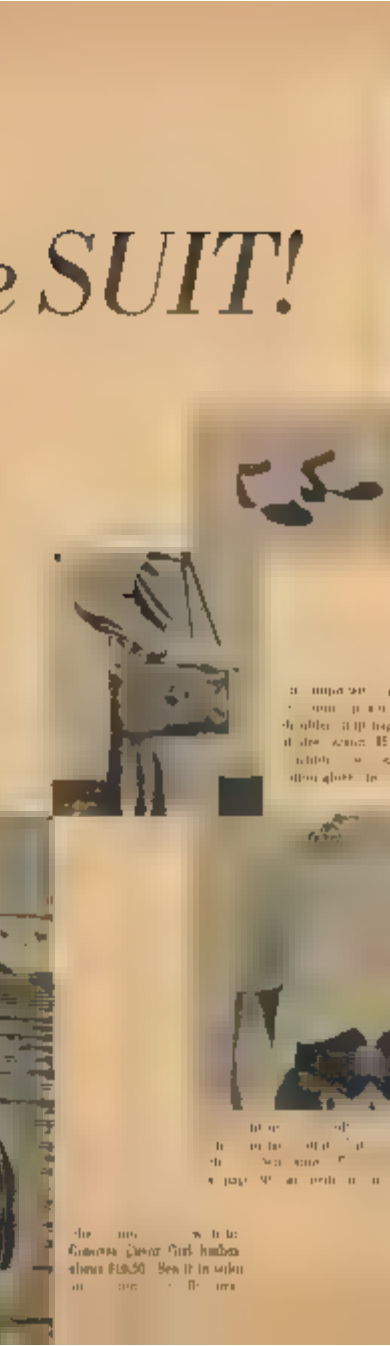
Dress and hat at Famous Barr, St. Louis, and many Official Headquarters Stores.



PHOTOGRAPH BY ZOGBAUM

Thi

is the



As for the other cases, $P = \text{comp}$ is covered by $\sigma \supset \text{comp}$ and the identity $\sigma = \text{comp}$ holds for $\sigma = \text{comp}$ alone.



10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82 83 84 85 86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99 100 101 102 103 104 105 106 107 108 109 110 111 112 113 114 115 116 117 118 119 120 121 122 123 124 125 126 127 128 129 130 131 132 133 134 135 136 137 138 139 140 141 142 143 144 145 146 147 148 149 150 151 152 153 154 155 156 157 158 159 160 161 162 163 164 165 166 167 168 169 170 171 172 173 174 175 176 177 178 179 180 181 182 183 184 185 186 187 188 189 190 191 192 193 194 195 196 197 198 199 200 201 202 203 204 205 206 207 208 209 210 211 212 213 214 215 216 217 218 219 220 221 222 223 224 225 226 227 228 229 230 231 232 233 234 235 236 237 238 239 240 241 242 243 244 245 246 247 248 249 250 251 252 253 254 255 256 257 258 259 260 261 262 263 264 265 266 267 268 269 270 271 272 273 274 275 276 277 278 279 280 281 282 283 284 285 286 287 288 289 290 291 292 293 294 295 296 297 298 299 300 301 302 303 304 305 306 307 308 309 310 311 312 313 314 315 316 317 318 319 320 321 322 323 324 325 326 327 328 329 330 331 332 333 334 335 336 337 338 339 340 341 342 343 344 345 346 347 348 349 350 351 352 353 354 355 356 357 358 359 360 361 362 363 364 365 366 367 368 369 370 371 372 373 374 375 376 377 378 379 380 381 382 383 384 385 386 387 388 389 390 391 392 393 394 395 396 397 398 399 400 401 402 403 404 405 406 407 408 409 410 411 412 413 414 415 416 417 418 419 420 421 422 423 424 425 426 427 428 429 430 431 432 433 434 435 436 437 438 439 440 441 442 443 444 445 446 447 448 449 450 451 452 453 454 455 456 457 458 459 460 461 462 463 464 465 466 467 468 469 470 471 472 473 474 475 476 477 478 479 480 481 482 483 484 485 486 487 488 489 490 491 492 493 494 495 496 497 498 499 500 501 502 503 504 505 506 507 508 509 510 511 512 513 514 515 516 517 518 519 520 521 522 523 524 525 526 527 528 529 530 531 532 533 534 535 536 537 538 539 540 541 542 543 544 545 546 547 548 549 550 551 552 553 554 555 556 557 558 559 560 561 562 563 564 565 566 567 568 569 570 571 572 573 574 575 576 577 578 579 580 581 582 583 584 585 586 587 588 589 590 591 592 593 594 595 596 597 598 599 600 601 602 603 604 605 606 607 608 609 610 611 612 613 614 615 616 617 618 619 620 621 622 623 624 625 626 627 628 629 630 631 632 633 634 635 636 637 638 639 640 641 642 643 644 645 646 647 648 649 650 651 652 653 654 655 656 657 658 659 660 661 662 663 664 665 666 667 668 669 670 671 672 673 674 675 676 677 678 679 680 681 682 683 684 685 686 687 688 689 690 691 692 693 694 695 696 697 698 699 700 701 702 703 704 705 706 707 708 709 710 711 712 713 714 715 716 717 718 719 720 721 722 723 724 725 726 727 728 729 730 731 732 733 734 735 736 737 738 739 740 741 742 743 744 745 746 747 748 749 750 751 752 753 754 755 756 757 758 759 760 761 762 763 764 765 766 767 768 769 770 771 772 773 774 775 776 777 778 779 780 781 782 783 784 785 786 787 788 789 790 791 792 793 794 795 796 797 798 799 800 801 802 803 804 805 806 807 808 809 810 811 812 813 814 815 816 817 818 819 820 821 822 823 824 825 826 827 828 829 830 831 832 833 834 835 836 837 838 839 840 841 842 843 844 845 846 847 848 849 850 851 852 853 854 855 856 857 858 859 860 861 862 863 864 865 866 867 868 869 870 871 872 873 874 875 876 877 878 879 880 881 882 883 884 885 886 887 888 889 890 891 892 893 894 895 896 897 898 899 900 901 902 903 904 905 906 907 908 909 910 911 912 913 914 915 916 917 918 919 920 921 922 923 924 925 926 927 928 929 930 931 932 933 934 935 936 937 938 939 940 941 942 943 944 945 946 947 948 949 950 951 952 953 954 955 956 957 958 959 960 961 962 963 964 965 966 967 968 969 970 971 972 973 974 975 976 977 978 979 980 981 982 983 984 985 986 987 988 989 990 991 992 993 994 995 996 997 998 999 1000 1001 1002 1003 1004 1005 1006 1007 1008 1009 1010 1011 1012 1013 1014 1015 1016 1017 1018 1019 1020 1021 1022 1023 1024 1025 1026 1027 1028

9. 日本経済新聞 1995年 2月 24日 4版 N10 31-44頁



This is

This is The Girl and these are The Accessories! Or maybe we'd better start at the beginning, way back in September 1946, when The Hecht Co., CALLING ALL GIRLS Official Headquarters in Washington, D. C., went in search of a CALLING ALL GIRLS Cover Girl, via a contest, and we went in search of the keenest, teen-eat Easter suit in the market. The Hecht Co., with the help of model expert Harry Conover; his model bride, Candy Jones; and ourselves, selected 17-year-old Kathleen Slattery as The Girl. We selected the cutaway, peplum suit by Dan Snyder as The Suit; and then added the gems on the opposite page as The Accessories. It's a true story with a truly Happy Easter ending!

On the steps of the magnificent Capitol building in Washington, D.C., Kathleen wears our front-cover peplum suit of Winthrop Mills flannel in the new Toast shade. About \$33. Read all about Kathleen on page 98. Try on the suit at The Hecht Co., Washington, D. C.; William H. Block, Indianapolis, Ind.; Henry C. Lytton, Chicago, Ill.; Schuster's, Milwaukee, Wis.; Kresge-Newark, Newark, N. J.; Gimbels, New York, N. Y., and Philadelphia, Pa.; Crowley, Milner, Detroit, Mich.; Miller & Rhoads, Richmond, Va.; and Famous-Barr, St. Louis, Mo. At many of the Official Headquarters stores listed on page 98, or write to *Fashions, CALLING ALL GIRLS*, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y., for where-to-buy information.

the SUIT!



Pretty Easter hat for a soft Easter suit—natural-straw cloche with gay ribbon and field flowers. By Betmar, about \$8.



Ankle bracelet straps for your closed-toe, open-back Easter shoes. Black or brown suede. They are Hi-Schoolers, about \$7



An impressive ornament on your plastic calf shoulder-strap bag by Belt Modes, about \$5. Tricky stitching on very brief cotton gloves by Dawnelle.



Perfect blouse for a soft suit—white rayon crepe with inset Peter Pan lace collar. Pat Petite Teens, about \$5. Corsetlet, belt by Debutante. The Accessories are at most stores on page 98, or write to us for were-to-buy information.

She's going places with her Conover Cover Girl bathbox, about \$16.50. See it in color on the front cover! By Loyal.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILLIAM WARD AND ZOGBAUM

Sugar Coat Your Spring Wardrobe



平山陽子 著 文芸春秋



the EGG and YOU

Dugan Coat



PHOTOGRAPHS BY ZOGBAUM

Your Spring Wardrobe

If you ask us, the hip-length Sugar Coat is your best bet for Easter—as a separate or as part of a suit. Wear it over skirts or Easter dresses, over summer sports wear—and even over formals. It's the mostest for the leastest!



Left to right, opposite page—Flare-back Sugar Coat, about \$20 by Debateen at Davidson Bros., Sioux City, Iowa. White tropical fleece Sugar Coat with gold trim, by Jerry, about \$32.50 at Elder and Johnston, Dayton, Ohio. Sugar Coat suit by York Teen, under \$30 at The Big Store, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Below, left—Flared Sugar Coat with push-up sleeves, under \$25; matching skirt, about \$8. Both at Gilchrist, Boston, Mass. Right, Sugar Coat suit of striped Millkin wool by Bambury, about \$25, at Taylor's, Cleveland, Ohio.

Hats by Betmar and Q-Teens. Sugar Coat fashions at many Official Headquarters Stores, page 98, or write to *Fashions, CALLING ALL GIRLS*, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y., for where-to-buy information.





Good Groundwork For Suits

You've picked a menswear gray flannel suit with cutaway front and a derby for the Easter Parade. And so now you have your eye on the right shoes. Top, left to right—Multi-strap patent sandal by Yanigans. Smooth-as-a-glove suede by Joy Teens. Oh so open patent sandal by Red Goose. Down the side, top to bottom—Half-and-half color combination, by Vitality. Suede with metal emblem, by Sandler of Boston. Double strap, dog-ear style, Sportster by Sandler. Bottom, left—Higher heel by Vitality. Right—Reptile trim by Thomasetti. Suit by Zunteen, under \$20; hat by Q-Teens, about \$5, at Stewart & Co., Baltimore. These and the shoes at many Headquarters stores on page 98, or write for where-to-buy information.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ZOGBAUM

I want a PRETTY dress for Easter

the EGG and YOU

Of course you do, because you know that every spring
a young man's fancy turns to a pretty girl—and it might
as well be you! Pick a plain pastel color or pick a print—but be sure the
skirt is full. Wear your Pretty Easter Dress under your new
Sugar Coat. Cover the top half of this page with the top half
of the preceding page and you'll see how they'll look together.

Left—Cape sleeves, soft skirt, jeweled buttons make a Youth Guild print
your important spring date dress. About \$13, at Stewart's, Louisville, Ky.

Right—No more conservation restrictions on skirt widths, so your
new CAG-Dater by Universiteen flares out with a swoosh! Rayon
shantung by Reltex with self pleatings at neck and sleeves. About
\$9 at Hale's, San Francisco, Oakland, and San Jose, California.
Posy headbands by Madcaps.





Judy Wing

A little gift of roses
ought to lead to friend-
ship, not a feud. It
all depends on who sends
them—and why—
and if the girl who gets
them is Judy Wing
By ANNETTE TURNER

AT first when Skip Howard told her about it over a Saturday afternoon soda at the Crystal Spa, Judy found nothing disturbing in the sale of the estate next to the flying school. "Sounds jolly," she said, stabbing her straw at the goo in her glass. "James Oliver? Never heard of him. What does he do?"

"Brace yourself, angel." The Henderson *Bugle's* star reporter looked much too much like a cat who sights a bowl of cream. "He flies."

"Well, what's so amazing about that? Lots of people do."

"Ah, but angel, he teaches others to fly, or so I've heard. He's turning the place into a flying school."

Judy choked over her drink. "Not another flying school so near to ours!"

"That's life, my pretty one." Skip waved a hand and shrugged. "You can't stop him. You don't own the ether."

"We can stop him! He's not outside our zone unless he puts his field on the far end of the property, and even so . . ." Judy pushed her glass aside. "Don't you see what it would mean, Skip? Scraping for space to fly in! With so many girls trying to roll up flying time . . . Suppose we had to clear with another school's tower, too, before we could leave the ground? You don't realize . . ."

"Sure I do," Skip broke in. "But Oliver's going to have the same handicap."

"But we were there first!" Judy cried. "He hasn't any right to move in so near our territory!"

"Now you're talking!" Skip cried, admiringly. "So what are you going to do?"

A wary look came over Judy's face. She leaned back and took a deep breath.

"Skip Howard," she said slowly, "if you dreamed this up. . ."

Skip hastened to assure her he hadn't.

"It's all over town. But just try to get a word with Oliver—he won't even talk to you. Sends his man to bounce you at the door. No reporters wanted. Kindly scram. Of course, you could probably get in. . ."

"I'm beginning to see the light," said Judy. "You got thrown out, and now you want me to wangle my way in. The answer is no."

Skip looked hurt. "What if my intentions weren't honest? He's still going to (Continued on page 66)

Judy couldn't resist one last jibe. "Please don't bother to get up," she said. "I can find my own way out."

on with the dance

Dancing is primarily the best of fun if you have a good partner and music that sends you. And if you want to have lots of partners and lots of good fun you have to feel right and look right on the dance floor. Dancing is not just a matter of steps, although, naturally, knowing what is expected of your feet at the right moment is basic. All the technical details that make you a better dancer should be studied and improved upon, but remember that dancing is a social art involving two people, not just one. Your manners count, too. The stag line takes in your carriage, your ease, your graciousness, as you whirl by. The girl who rates the most cut-ins is the one who seems to be having the best time.

If the class scholar is leading you manfully but painfully past the long line of elegant males, for heaven's sake, don't look sombre.

Remember that he is the citizen you lean on for chem problems and other vital statistics. Now he's leaning on you. If you haven't the grace to help him out in a tough moment after he gathered courage to ask you for this number, at least pretend you are having a good time.

The stags won't blame him for your gloomy countenance.

That's male solidarity for you, and they're right!

Besides, you might scare off the man of your dreams, standing there acting as if he didn't see you. Even though said dream boy is all you could wish, and dances like an Arthur Murray Special, he may have trouble with his courage, too. Don't scare him off. Just relax.



Don't dive into the music enchanted by your own sense of rhythm. If you do all the work, your partner might as well stand still. Crush your independence, sister, and follow the leader!



To shift your weight easily, balance on the balls of the feet. Hold your body straight, not stiff. Sway-back and slouch are, happily, out!



Susie closes her eyes, winds her arms tight about Bill's neck, and throws her whole weight against him. She thinks she's being awfully cute and feminine.



Fortunately she can't see Bill's desperate look, but his friends avoid his eye. Better wake up fast, Susie! If Bill drags the body around all night, he'll never do it again!

And away with wallflower worries!

**To be your partner's pride, to shine with the stag
line, brush up on your dance-floor technique**

By FAITH REYHER COOK

Whether you like to jive or to glide, the same fundamentals apply: rhythm, balance, and know-how. Good form is one thing you can't improve upon with trick ideas of your own. You have to practice to make the standard perfect. The rules were made to give you the greatest possible fluidity, keep you light on your feet, and always looking graceful.

Girls often wonder whether dancing with one another will hurt their dancing with boys. The answer is no, if you don't always do the leading and don't forget how to follow easily. Then it can only help you, because practice makes perfect.

Consider your dancing carefully. Is your head erect? Are your shoulders down? Are you balancing on the balls of your feet? Do you move your legs in one long piece from the hip joint? Is your back straight? Are you completely relaxed so that you will be able to follow the slightest lead from your partner?

Some of these pictures may be for you. Look them over and have your laugh now. It may save tears later on.



If he is good, tell him so! There's nothing like it if you want him eating from your hand.



Muscular stage fright will make you hop and jerk. Tense arms and shoulders make your whole body rigid. Relax, girl.



Save your big line of chatter for sitting out. How can you expect him to hear the music and lead smoothly, with your constant ystata-yalala ringing in his ears?



Do you clamp an arm on his shoulder, drag his hand down with the other? Merely! You needn't cling that hard. He'll still be there.



If you step out as if the porpoise were behind you, you're apt to get stuck and miscalculate your partner's next move. Keep your feet well within reach. Take small steps.



CAG Model in Hollywood



Well, here I am arriving at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio. The guard at the gate checks my pass. Later, I climb up some stairs while the cameraman shoots publicity pictures.

Below—What do you know! Back in the classroom! Mary McDonald, the MGM school principal, gives me the next day's assignment and tells me I'll be busy with books when I'm not before the cameras.



**One day I stepped
straight from the
cover of *Calling All Girls*
into a movie studio.**

Here's how it happened

By ANNE FRANCIS

I HADN'T thought much about the movies. I guess I was too busy modeling and playing in radio shows to have time for dreams of Hollywood. Then one day I was asked to pose for a photographer from *CALLING ALL GIRLS*. Remember the picture on the December, 1945, cover? It played a very important part in my career. Without a word to me, the picture was sent to a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer executive in Hollywood. The first thing I knew, I was called into the MGM New York office and asked if I would make a screen test.

I couldn't make the test right away, because I was playing the part of Kathy in the radio serial "When a Girl Marries." Several

other radio shows were on my schedule, so it was late winter before I was tested.

Finally, the date was set, and I was told to be in for make-up by 8 A.M. That meant getting up at six o'clock, which seemed awfully early at the time. After make-up, the hairdresser took over. Two hours later, we started the test.

We didn't go right into the scene, as I had imagined we would. First I sat on a high stool and moved my head slowly from side to side as the cameramen photographed me from different angles. Then the director asked questions about my previous work. I was to do a dramatic scene from "Girls in Uniform" with Zita Johan, so

(Continued on page 90)



Above—That's casting director Billy Grady with the white flower in his lapel. He shows me some of my pictures filed at the studio. When he picks the cast for a movie, he'll refer to these pictures.

Above, right—Here I'm getting all fixed up for the camera. The studio hairdresser tries out various hair-dos until she finds one that fits a player's personality. A make-up man takes over after that, and he's always on hand during a scene to freshen one up.

Right—Just so I'll have every help possible in learning to handle many roles, Arthur Rosenstein, the studio music coach, gives me singing lessons. It's a part of the grooming given to young players.

Left—Remember what fun it used to be to dress up in some old things from the trunk in the attic? Well, this gown is brand new, but its style belongs to the long-ago days. I'm wearing it for a screen test, and here one of the studio wardrobe women is hooking me into it.



A watercolor illustration of a woman in a long, patterned dress and a wide-brimmed hat, leaning over a table. She is looking down at a small object in her hands. The background is a warm, yellowish-brown color.

24 DETERMINATION

מס' תשנ"ח
מס' תשנ"ט

He reached for a piece of chocolate and continued the ride.

Stutts has had us in the clutch almost and we'll do it. The fans keep us screaming.

Under Your Easter

Bunnet 2

By Louise Corliss, Good Looks Editor

Your hat and your make-up should be partners in perfection

After that first long, scrutinizing look at your gay Easter hat, the eyes drop

(yes, you've glanced it; to the face beneath it) Does it present a clear-eyed, smooth-skinned, nicely made-up look? Although right now you may be using only a slip of powder and a dash of lipstick, it's "good looks" time to be in on the know of make-up magic.

A good start toward a make-up that gives you a fresh, dewy look for hours is a powder base. It provides your skin and also serves as a foundation for the rest of your make-up. There are creams, cakes, or light-weight liquid bases. The liquid bases for dry skin often double as hand and lotion sunscreens, too. The cake and cream bases do wonders for covering up pesky bumps, freckles, and on occasional dark circles. Don't forget your nose is in the family! Smooth the base evenly over your face and neck and blend with the fingertips. Now you're ready for some big make-up doings!

True, natural coloring is the most becoming. But a lot of girls, because of their pigmentation,

lack that rosy glow. If you resemble a ghost at times, you may want to add a bit of rouge to your cheeks. Cream or cake rouge application must be subtle. No round moon faces, please. Remember, too, lip stick and rouge should match. Smile as you apply cream rouge in three dots, starting just below the middle of your eye and blending up and out toward the temple. Never, never rouge your cheeks on a line below the tip of your nose. If you prefer cake rouge, apply it with a clean cotton puff in the same manner. Let "sparingly" be your watchword in this operation.

Your powder can be your best friend or your worst enemy. Powder should add color if your skin is pallid and lifeless, or subtract color if your skin is that rare, pink-blush hue which needs tanning sun.

Always press on, don't pat, your powder with a clean piece of cotton or a fresh puff. Then brush off the excess with your own cherished baby hairbrush, clean cotton puff, or soft make-up brush.

It's wonderful to be wearing lipstick, isn't it? (Continued on page 75)



Under Your Easter



Bonnet

By Louise Carlisle, Good Looks Editor

Your hat and your make-up should be partners in perfection

After that first long, scrutinizing look at your gay Easter hat, the eyes drop (yes, you've guessed it) to the face beneath it! Does it present a clear-eyed, smooth-skinned, nicely made-up look? Although right now you may be using only a wisp of powder and a dash of lipstick, it's "good looks" sense to be in on the know of make-up magic

A good start toward a make-up that gives you a fresh, dewy look for hours is a powder base. It protects your skin and also serves as a foundation for the rest of your make-up. There are cream, cake, or lightweight liquid bases. The liquid bases for dry skin often double as hand and elbow smoothers, too. The cake and cream bases do wonders for covering up pesky bumps, freckles, and an occasional dark circle. Don't forget your neck is in the family! Smooth the base evenly over your face and neck and blend with the fingertips. Now you're ready for some big make-up doings!

True, natural coloring is the most becoming, but a lot of girls, because of skin pigmentation, lack that rosy glow. If you resemble a ghost at times, you may want to add a bit of rouge to your cheeks. Cream or cake rouge application must be subtle. No round moon circles, please. Remember, too, lipstick and rouge should match. Smile as you apply cream rouge in three dots, starting just below the middle of your eye and blending up and out toward the temple. Never, never rouge your cheek on a line below the tip of your nose. If you prefer cake rouge, apply it with a clean cotton puff in the same manner. Let "sparingly" be your watchword in this operation.

Your powder can be your best friend or your worst enemy. Powder should add color if your skin is sallow and lifeless, or subtract color if your skin is that rare, pink-blush kind which needs toning down.

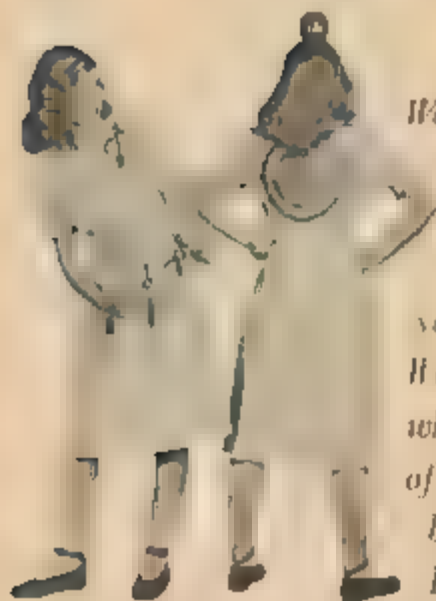
Always press on, don't pat, your powder with a clean piece of cotton or a fresh puff. Then brush off the excess with your own cherished baby hairbrush, clean cotton puff, or soft make-up brush.

It's wonderful to be wearing lipstick, isn't it? (Continued on page 73)

A Vic-Teen Hat

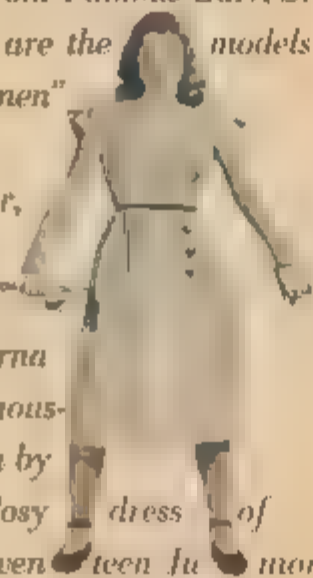
PHOTOGRAPHS BY ZOGBAUM

Conversation Pieces



Wear a dress to give the most Mortimer Snerd-ish date something to talk about; to make you feel gay and young and teenishly terrific. Wear a dress from St. Louis, where designers have a sense of humor. CAG Club Members from Famous-Barr, St. Louis, are the models

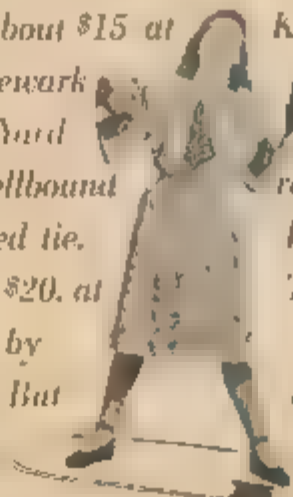
Above: Bull's eye in Butcher "Linen" with target for back talk. About \$23, by Suzy Que, at Famous-Barr, St. Louis. Worn by Nancy Jane



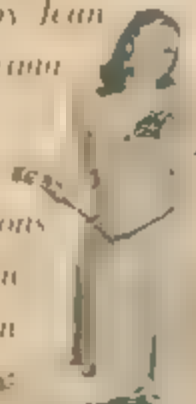
Sharp. Right: Fishes on Hoffman's rayon by Darna Lee, about \$17 at Famous-Barr, St. Louis. Worn by Eileen O'Brien. Left: Posy dress of rayon by Reardon. Seven

from St. Louis

Teen, about \$13 at Hale Brothers, San Francisco. Worn by Shirley Thorndal. Right: Circus stuff by Doris Dodson in rayon jersey. About \$15 at Kresge-Newark, Newark. Worn by Alice Yard. Left: Choo-rayon by Belding. By Minx. The Hecht Co., Washington, D. C. Caryl Brunette. Below: Spun-ton Box dress by Jo-Burr Leens, about \$11 at Brues's, Onondaga, N. Y.



Worn by Jean Ryan. Black suede Dollerain shoes by Prun about \$6. Conversation Pieces at lots of Official Headquarters Stores, on page 98. Buy them by mail, or write to Fashions Calling All Girls, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y., for where-to-buy information.



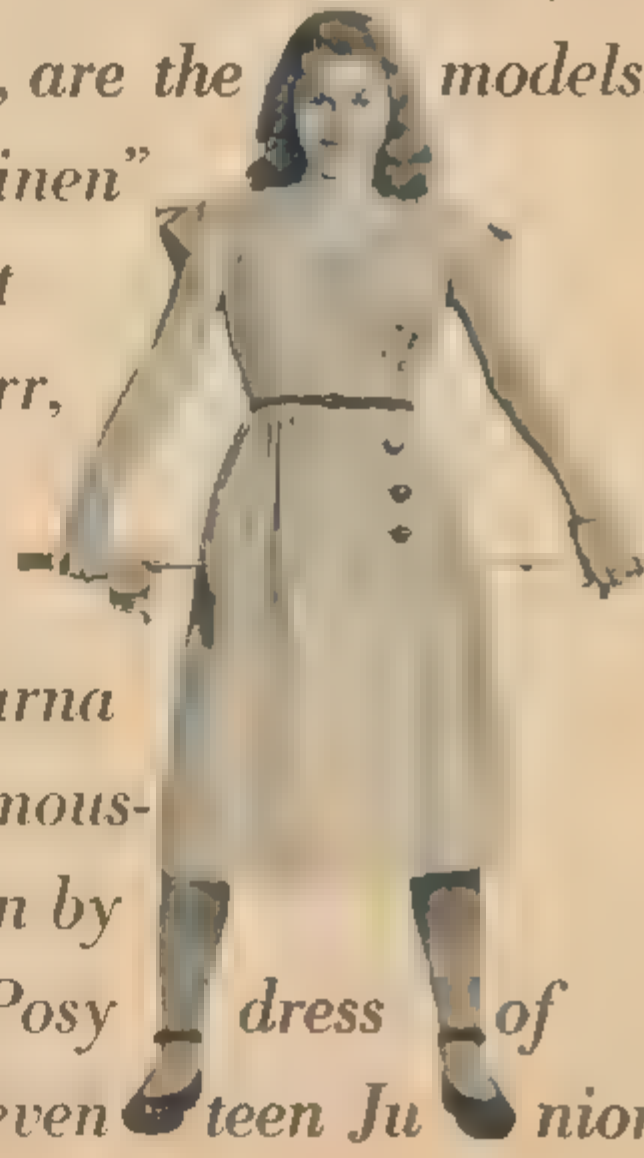
Conversation Pieces



Wear a dress to give the most Mortimer Snerd-ish date something to talk about; to make you feel gay and young and teenishly terrific. Wear a dress from St. Louis, where designers have a sense of humor. CAG Club Members from Famous-Barr, St. Louis, are the models.



Above: Bull's eye in Butcher "Linen" with target for back talk. About \$23, by Suzy Que, at Famous-Barr, St. Louis. Worn by Nancy Jane.



Sharp. Right: Fishes on Hoffman's rayon by Darna Lee, about \$17 at Famous-Barr, St. Louis. Worn by Eileen O'Brien.



Left: Posy dress of rayon by Reardon. Seven teen Ju nior

from St. Louis

Teen, about \$13 at Hale Brothers, San Francisco. Worn by Shirley Thorndal. Right: Circus stuff by Doris Dodson in rayon jersey. About \$15 at Kresge-Newark, Newark.

Alice Yard. of Spellbound quinned tie.

under \$20. at

Worn by rayon But

about

N. Y.

Ryan. Black suede Dollerina shoes by Prima, about \$6. Conversation Pieces at lots of Official Headquarters Stores, on page 98. Buy them by mail, or write to Fashions, Calling All Girls, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y. for where-to-buy information.

Kresge-Newark, Newark.

Worn by

Left: Choo-

rayon by Beld

By Minx

The Hecht Co., Washington, D. C.

Caryl Brunette. Below: Spun

ton Box dress by Jo-Burt Teens,

\$11. at Bresee's, Oneonta,

Worn by Jean



Adventure in MEXICO



Getting a message to someone—anyone—was far more difficult than Tep thought, especially since she couldn't speak Spanish. Yet their very lives seemed to depend on it

By ADAM ALLEN
Author of "New Broome Experiment"

SUDDENLY into Tep's still half-paralyzed mind there popped the words of their Aunt Susan, when she first heard that Sylvia and Tep were going to Mexico. Aunt Susan frequently offered unasked advice to the long-orphaned Barrett girls.

"Alone?" Aunt Susan had said. "But you can't! It would be dangerous!"

They had laughed at her, of course. Sylvia had assured her that Mexico was a civilized place—that they would be as safe there as they were in their New Jersey home.

If Aunt Susan could see them now!

Tep made a small sound deep in her throat—a sound that was half sob, half hysterical laughter.

Sylvia's head turned sharply, and her eyes widened still farther with alarm.

With a great effort Tep pulled herself together. This was no time to go to pieces. For Sylvia's sake, if for nothing else, she had to hang on to herself.

She managed a feeble smile. And then, in a voice that would be clearly audible in the back of the car, she said boldly, "The next time I jump to a conclusion . . . and smiled again.

A faint gleam far back in Sylvia's eyes proved that she had caught the reference to Tep's immediate reaction to their passenger. Tep had disliked her on sight, there at the border station, and Sylvia had reproved her for it. Now Sylvia's tight mouth relaxed slightly.

"I'll remember," she said, with a small answering smile. For a brief instant she took her right hand from the wheel and reached over to squeeze Tep's left one.

"We're in this together," the pressure of her fingers said. "And we'll get out of it."

Tep nodded. Yes, they'd get out of it somehow. She'd put her mind

THE STORY UP TO NOW

TEP BARRETT couldn't believe that just three hours after she and her older sister,

SYLVIA, crossed the border they were driving toward Mexico City at the point of a gun. In the rear seat of their car was

FRIEDA WILLS, accomplice in a U S bank robbery who planned to use Tep and Sylvia to camouflage her real identity. Tep could see no way out except to remember what

DAN DOLSON, the boy who was traveling in a station wagon with his older brother, Larry, had said to her as they left the customs house. "We'll probably be seeing you. People can't help it along this road." Or perhaps they'd run into that distinguished-looking gentleman Sylvia had made friends with at the border. But right now the two girls were alone with a desperate criminal. Now go on with Chapter II

to work right now, trying to figure out something.

A few moments later she said, half over her shoulder, half to Sylvia, "I'm awfully hungry. Can't we stop for lunch?"

Because, she had told herself, they could never get a message to anybody while the car was in motion. Whereas, if they halted somewhere . . .

"Very well. We'll stop," Frieda Wills said from the back seat. "I'll let you know when I see a suitable place."

They had passed the sizeable city of Monterrey by this time—Frieda Wills had no longer been interested in looking for a mechanic there—and now there were only occasional small villages along this part of the road. The country was still flat, but there were magnificent mountains rising in the distance.

Soon the road would climb into those mountains, Tep knew. And she had a panicky feeling that once in the craggy heights, they would find no aid at all. They must reach someone soon, while

they were still in this cultivated lowland.

"All right. This will do," Frieda Wills said a little later as they approached a small whitewashed building. Scarlet bougainvillea climbed up the walls and over the roof, and through the open door they could see several tables covered with gaily checkered clothes. The moment they stopped, a sun-tanned man came out to greet them.

"I can serve the señoritas?" he asked, smiling.

Tep's heart leaped. He spoke English!

"Yes," Frieda Wills told him briskly. "Here. In the car. Bring us three cheese sandwiches and three bottles of soda."

The man's spirits fell as perceptibly as Tep's.

"But señorita, my tables, they are clean," he said with dignity. "And the chairs are comfort. Are comfortable," he corrected himself.

"I said here. And quickly, please."

"But yes, of course. If the señoritas wish." He left them.

Tep clamped her lips tightly together. Frieda Wills took no chances. She was as clever as she was ruthless. The moment she had realized that the man spoke a little English, she had arranged matters so that she could overhear anything said to him.

But maybe he had seen the gun, and guessed. Tep forced herself to turn around.

Frieda Wills noticed the glance, and said with a slight disdainful twist of her mouth, "Don't worry. The gun is covered by my scarf. But it's still here."

So that was that

Was there no way to get word to him? Tep's mind scurried around like a rat in a maze. And then she had the solution: a note. She could scribble a note, and . . .

(Continued on page 92)

Tep spoke slowly and distinctly. "You must tell the police. She has a gun. Do you understand? A gun!"

Some Like 'Em Hot

And why not? A frosty evening's just the time to cheer your guests with one of these super-delicious hot drinks

By JANE RICHARDS
Food Editor

BRRR! I feel as though I'd never be really warm again!" Whether caused by the still, penetrating cold as you sit for hours watching the game in the stadium, or by the iron-cold gale searing your face when you occupy the second seat on the bobsled, or by just the March wind whipping around cor-

the
**JUNIOR
HOUSEKEEPING
DEPT.**

ners between the bus stop and your door — you know what we mean. There's a sure cure, though: A big, big, glass of something hot—glass being bigger than a cup and staying hot longer; you being colder than cup could cure. Here's what to pour into the glass to warm your hands till the wisps

of steam tell you it's cool enough to drink.

Things to drink are funny—the same things taste so different hot and cold. If you ever drank vegetable-juice cocktail hot, you know what we mean. Or cream of tomato cold. So we're giving you some queer ones—odd drinks to experiment with—as well as familiar stand-bys like—

Cocoa

This is fool-easy to make if you simply follow directions, and turns into a scorched and ghastly mess if you don't. For 4 cups, you'll need 1 cup of boiling water, 4 tablespoons of cocoa, a good pinch of salt, and somewhere between 2 and 4 tablespoons of sugar, depending on how sweet you like it. The smart way is to begin with 2 tablespoons, get it all finished and add more sugar then if you think it needs it. Put the saucepan to boil, stirring the while, and boil for 5 minutes. Meantime you can be watching another saucepan in which you have put 3 cups of milk to scald. That means the milk should reach the point where it beads around the saucepan but does not actively boil. When the milk has scalded and the cocoa has boiled its allotted 5 minutes, pour the milk into the cocoa. Then beat it as much as your patience permits and keep it hot until the drinkers have drunk it all, but don't boil it again. What you do about skins (it will form a skin the minute you stop beating) depends on how you feel about skins. You either beat them in or throw them away.

Chocolate

This just sounds like a fancy name for cocoa and maybe 5 cents more on the check. But it isn't, and once you've made both, you'll
(Continued on page 65)

Making that top favorite—cocoa—is easy if you follow directions. Roy Pinney Photo





ALL SET

Turning a table into something pretty as a picture is easy if you know the table-setting rules

By MARTHA ROSS

IT'S ENOUGH to make anyone hungry, studying the luscious table settings featured in women's magazines. And thoughts of them drift tantalizingly around the back of your mind when you face the problem of setting your own table for company. But, you moan, you don't have china and linen and flowers of those subtle and wonderful hues. You haven't the tricky dishes or a flair for turning an eggplant and a squash into a picture-book centerpiece. So, you plunk down what you have and call the table set.

There's no denying that the proper props would be a terrific help, but the eye appeal of an attractive and appetizing table isn't all in the colorful equipment. The most luxurious china, linen, and silver won't be a bit of use to you unless you use them correctly.

Setting a table is something like doing a jigsaw puzzle. Put the pieces together in the correct order and you have something pretty to look at; assemble them wrong and you have nothing but a mess. Fortunately, setting the table isn't as difficult and doesn't take nearly as long as putting together a jigsaw puzzle, especially when you follow the table-setting rules.



Rule One: Everything must be immaculate. It doesn't matter how plain linens or mats are, they must be spotless—and the table itself, too. Silver and glasses must sparkle.

Rule Two: Everything in its place at its place. Lines straight, count off your distances from forks to knives, from place setting to place setting. It may seem silly, but the uniformity gives harmony to the table.

Rule Three: Something pretty to lend an air to your table. Flowers if you have them, or a few apples with your best K. P. polish, candles erect in shining candlesticks. Or those amusing china penguins borrowed from your hanging bookshelf.

If you follow these general rules, setting the table prettily and perfectly won't be nearly the puzzle you might expect. Let's look at some particular cases.

For a luncheon party (or dinner or breakfast or any sit-down meal) the silver is always arranged in essentially the same way, according to *what* and *when* you have to eat, with forks to the left of you and knives and spoons to the right. (Keep sharp edge of knife blades always toward plates, please.) For the elaborate meal, all you have to do is to check off the order of the food as you place the silver for each course, so your guests won't have to fumble around for the right utensil but can always safely take the outside one: oyster fork outside, meat fork next, salad fork

(Continued on page 78)



GOOD FOR GIGGLES



"I cut them off—they tripped me!"



"That's the trouble with Mother—she still thinks of me as a baby!"



"Julia has grown so intellectual. She signs her letters in algebra."



"Raymond is so dull. Since I've been going with him, I've been able to keep my diary two weeks ahead."



"But Dad, I may only kiss you when I want something—but isn't that often enough?"

"Hey—these are swell!"



Snapshots night or day...indoors or out Brownie Flash Six-20

Think of getting snapshots at night, indoors or out! It's simple with this inexpensive camera. Flashholder (extra) is removable for daylight pictures. Your dealer can supply you soon. . . . Flash bulbs may be a little scarce yet, but they're on the way.

America's favorite snapshots are made on Kodak Verichrome Film—in the familiar yellow box.

"We took time out at the orchestra rehearsal to look at Anne's snapshots. That camera she uses is right on the beat!"

Everybody likes to look at snapshots—snapshots of school doings and gang doings, or simply snaps of friends. You'll have fun taking them, showing them . . . and even more fun sharing them.

And making snapshots is easy. Load the camera, take aim, and "chck." Be sure you use Kodak Verichrome Film. It eliminates the guesswork in picture taking. You press the button—it does the rest! Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester 4, N. Y.



Kodak

TRICKS for TEENS



Easy Money—The next time you try to raise money for the Red Cross or the canteen—or anything, for that matter—try throwing a “foot first” party. As the guests arrive, measure each one’s right foot and charge a small fee for each inch of the length of the foot.—*Mary Ellen Howell, Amherstdale, W. Va.*

Decorating Doodads—If you have a skirted dressing table and want to stop playing Sherlock Holmes to those little gadgets that are always getting lost, cut out figures in the shapes of hearts and flowers from bright-colored materials. Or use any other designs you prefer. Sew them on the dressing-table skirt, leaving the tops open like pockets. Have one each for hairpins, ribbons, sunglasses, jewelry—the small gadgets that make a jumble of your bureau drawers.—*Georgia Ann Forrester, Los Angeles, Calif.* You’ll certainly have some-

thing different in the way of a bulletin board if you can find a discarded window shade. Fix it up on your wall with the kind of brackets that hold the shade out from the wall. Tack your favorite items of interest on it and when you need more space just pull the shade further down—a very expansible item. For extra glamour, paint it your favorite color. It’s best to use a water paint like Kemtone that won’t crack.—*Carolyn Weaver, Norfolk, Va.* An ordinary silverware box—the kind you get in the five and dime which has three long compartments and one short one—makes an ideal box for your bureau drawer. It’s large enough for all your jewelry, ribbon, and pins and can be made as decorative as you wish.—*Marilyn Paohke, Menasha, Wis.*



This and That—You can make a charming lapel pin out of a tiny perfume bottle. Just tie a ribbon around it and put a pin in the back through the ribbon. You can be fresh as a daisy if you fill it with water and wear one tiny, fresh flower in it.—*Wanda Hartman, Findlay, Ohio.* To dress up your gold or silver dog pin, make him a little plaid jacket—to match your plaid skirt, of course.—*Lou Dean Ogden, Woodward, Okla.* These March winds can blow cold but you can keep up with the weather-man by getting a tiny thermometer and either sewing or gluing it onto a piece of fur. It’s as snazzy a lapel pin as we’ve seen in ages and an unfailing conversation

piece.—*Mary Adams, Washington, D. C.* For party wear, that broken pearl necklace can do wonders for your black sweater. Just sew the pearls all over the sweater and you’ll have a dill for dating.—*Diane Downey, Toronto, Canada.*



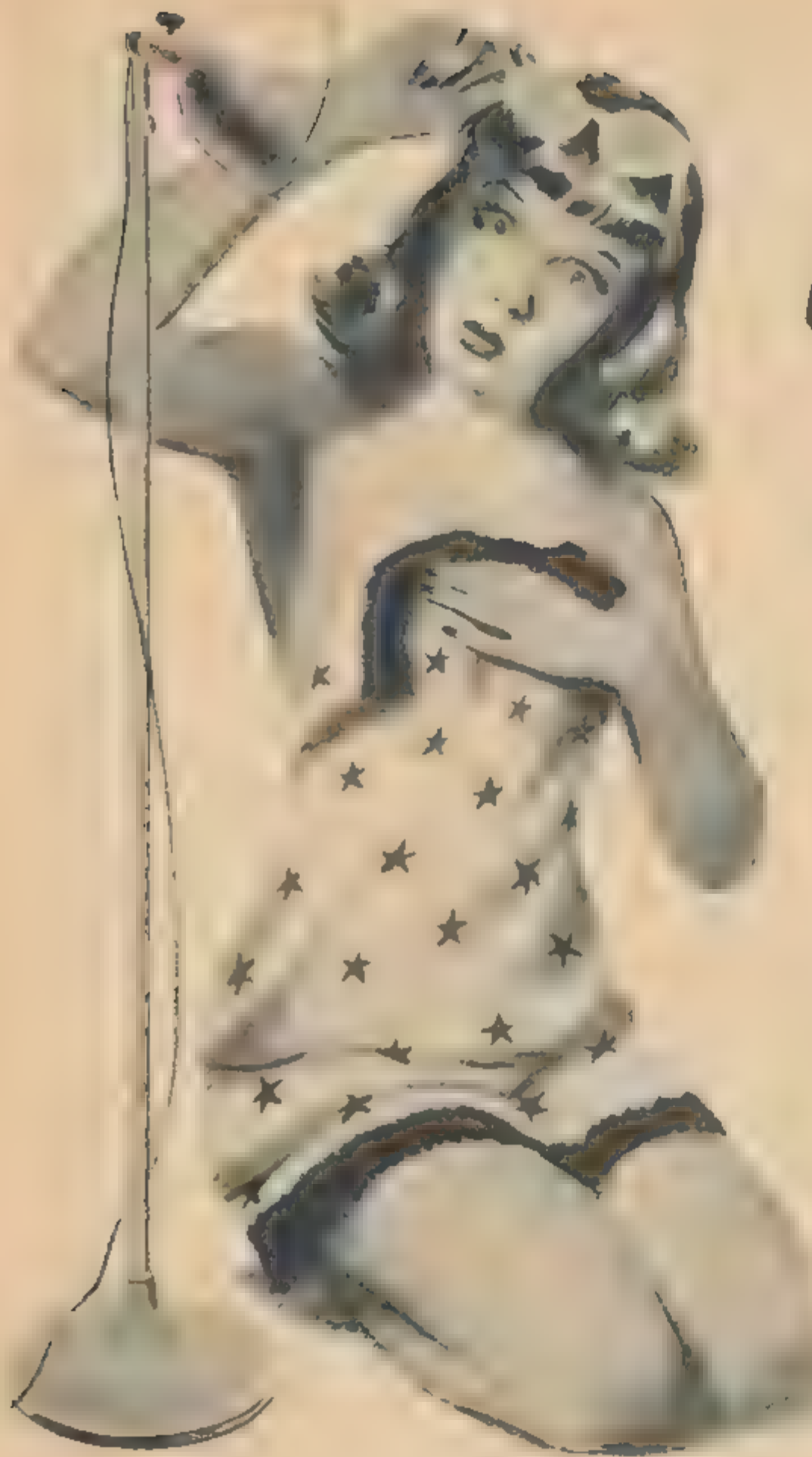
It’s in the Bag—So your allowance has vanished and your happiness depends on your having a new evening bag for the super formal that’s coming up. Just take a very wide piece of ribbon about sixteen inches long, fold it in half (wrong side out) and sew up the bottom and side seams. Sew a half-inch hem at the top, turn the bag right side out and run two narrow ribbons through the hem for drawstrings. For extra glamour, sew on a few sequins or beads.—*Jeanne White, Alexandria, Va.* If you get tired of carrying the same handbag, make a slip cover for it of good sturdy materials that match your clothes. This idea is easiest with envelope bags as you make it on the same principle as a book cover and button it on. It can be taken off when soiled and either washed or dry cleaned—depending on the material.—*Mozelle Buff, Morganton, N. C.*

Bejeweled Bits—If you’ve lost your cuff links here’s a cheerful earful. Just take two small bells and link them together with a small gold safety pin or with thread. Repeat—and you have a pair.—*Carolyn Chambers, Denver, Colo.* Of course you can wear your heart on your sleeve if you’re tired of wearing it around your neck. (We’re speaking of your heart locket.) Pin one end of the chain to the front of your sweater just below the left shoulder. Slip the heart locket to the end of the chain and pin it near the top of your left sleeve. Catch? Natch!—*Vaska Ralph, Erie, Pa.*

\$1 will be paid for each Trick for Teens published

We want new and different tricks. Every girl has bright ideas! What are yours? Start dreaming them up and send in as many as you like. Winners are chosen for originality and for probable interest to other girls. Address: Tricks for Teens, Calling All Girls, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 7, N. Y. All entries become the property of Calling All Girls. They cannot be acknowledged or returned.





But, Sis,
a honey color
won't keep you
winter-sweet!

You're right on the sun beam, Sis. A radiant winter tan can help keep the beaux buzzing 'round.

That is, Sugar—it can help *if you stay nice to be near.*

True, your bath washes away *past* perspiration.

But—winter or summer—you still need a safe deodorant like Mum to guard against risk of *future* underarm odor. So why take chances with your charm, *ever*—when you can trust Mum!

better because it's Safe

1. Safe for skin. No irritating crystals. Snow-white Mum is gentle, harmless to skin.
2. Safe for clothes. No harsh ingredients in Mum to rot or discolor fine fabrics.
3. Safe for charm. Mum gives sure protection against underarm odor all day or evening.

Mum is economical, too. Doesn't dry out in the jar—stays smooth and creamy. Quick, easy to use—even after you're dressed. Get Mum today!



Product of Bristol Myers

Mum—helps to make a miss a hit

I Got to FLY!

A sixteen-year-old Wing Scout tells how she got her chance to take to the air, and how it feels to pilot a plane alone

By TERRY GANNON

ALL my life I've dreamed of flying but when the chance came to learn, I just couldn't believe it was real.

It all happened because, as one of the Wing Scouts of Bronxville, New York, I was entered in the contest held by the Girl Scouts

and the New York radio station WOR, the Mutual Broadcasting Company, to choose a teen-age girl from the New York-New Jersey area for flight training. The Piper Aircraft Corporation had offered to give the girl chosen free flying lessons, and she would go

on the air over the "Rainbow House" program each week during her training to tell all about her experiences.

There were several qualifications, and fortunately I met most of them. I was fifteen, I was taking driving lessons, I'd had the necessary pre-flight training. But even though I was dying to win, I knew nothing so wonderful could happen to me.

One day after school I was out baby-sitting, and came home to find that our Wing Scout leader had called. I telephoned her.

"Well, you got it, Terry," she said.

"Got what?" I asked.

When she told me I was to start my flying lessons and would go on the air on June 8, I knew I was the luckiest girl alive.

After that I couldn't think of anything but flying. Not that it had ever been long out of my mind at any time! When I was a kid, we used to visit our uncle who lived near Floyd Bennett Field, and my sister Helen and I spent all our time watching the planes take off and land. We never missed a movie that had flying in it, and in our third floor den at home, we pasted up every picture of a plane we could find, and littered the place with model planes. Summer afternoons we'd lie on the grass in the park across from our house, watch the clouds drift across the sky, and talk about how we were going to be up there among those clouds someday.

Well, "someday" was here, and I was tickled pink. I guess I was just meant to be in the air, but that isn't saying I learned without effort. I've always been the happy-go-lucky one in our family, and each time I made a mistake in my flying lessons, I'd think, "Gee, Helen would get this right away." But after a while it got easier.

It had been planned for me to solo on my birthday, July 23. Station WOR and Mr. Piper had planned a surprise party, with a birthday cake and everything. You're not supposed to know when the big moment for your solo arrives, but when my birthday and the cake both turned up, the skies poured rain. Of course when the plans had to be changed, I knew

(Continued on page 77)



Terry reports her progress to Bob Emery, M.C. of WOR's "Rainbow House."

Below—Terry and her flying instructor, Bob Peck, ready for some sky-riding.



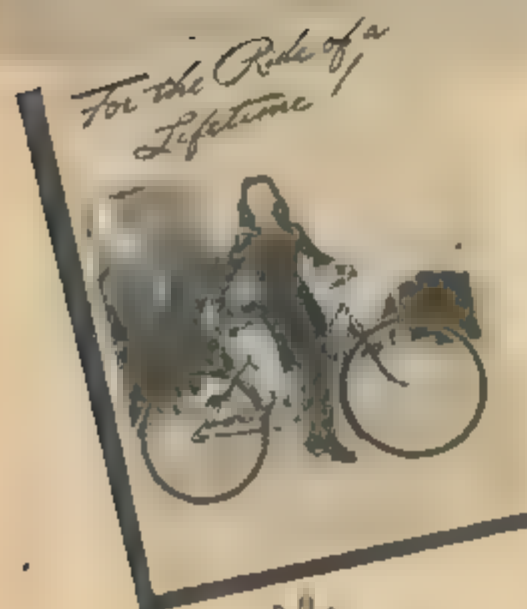
Schwinn-Built Bicycles

SET THE PACE IN FEATURES



The Biggest Array of Advanced Improvements in Bicycle History!

See the beautiful new Schwinn-Built Bicycles. They're in a class by themselves for streamlining, easy pedaling, durability and safety. They are the *only* bicycles with such great Schwinn-Built features as Knee-Action Spring Fork, Forewheel Brakes, Cyclelock, Built-in Kickstand and Tubular Rims. These and many other big advantages, such as precision-built ball bearings, make Schwinn-Built Bicycles America's favorite. See them at your dealer's today!



THIS MOVIE STAR-BICYCLE FOLDER

FREE!

Merilee Peddles Says—

"Send for the big, exciting, 'Cyclorama Folder. Full of gorgeous color photographs, showing your favorite movie stars on their Schwinn-Built Bicycles!' It's free. Paste coupon on penny postcard and mail today!"



ARNOLD, SCHWINN & CO., 1759-B N. KILDARE AVE., CHICAGO 39, ILL

ARNOLD, SCHWINN & CO.
1759-B N. Kildare Ave., Chicago 39, Ill.

Please send me FREE Movie Star-Bicycle Folder.

Name..... Age.....

Address.....

Town.....Zone.....State.....

When writing to advertisers, please mention **CALLING ALL GIRLS**.

MEETING big stars is all in the week's fun for **CALLING ALL GIRLS** Club members who attend the shows put on by their local Headquarters Stores. In Detroit, the Crowley, Milner Club members met Leonard Sues, famous trumpet player, and Connie Haines, popular recording and radio star. Then at the Mosque Theatre in Newark, N. J., the Kresge-Newark Club members met Jimmy Dorsey and his whole band, the King Cole trio, movie star Janis Paige, and cartoonist Al Capp of *Li'l Abner* fame—yes, Life can be beautiful for a **CALLING ALL GIRLS** Club member!

And just think of all the celebrities our Club members meet over the air

CLUB NEWS

on the **CALLING ALL GIRLS** radio show! Why, in a special Christmas broadcast, they heard such big-timers as Roy Rogers, Peter Lawford, Milton Berle, and Ray Bolger.

Think all celebrities come from Hollywood or Broadway? Then listen to this. The Club members at Herpolzheimer's Headquarters in Grand Rapids, Mich., were introduced to the store's brand new **CALLING ALL GIRLS** Fashion Board at a

new spring fashions.

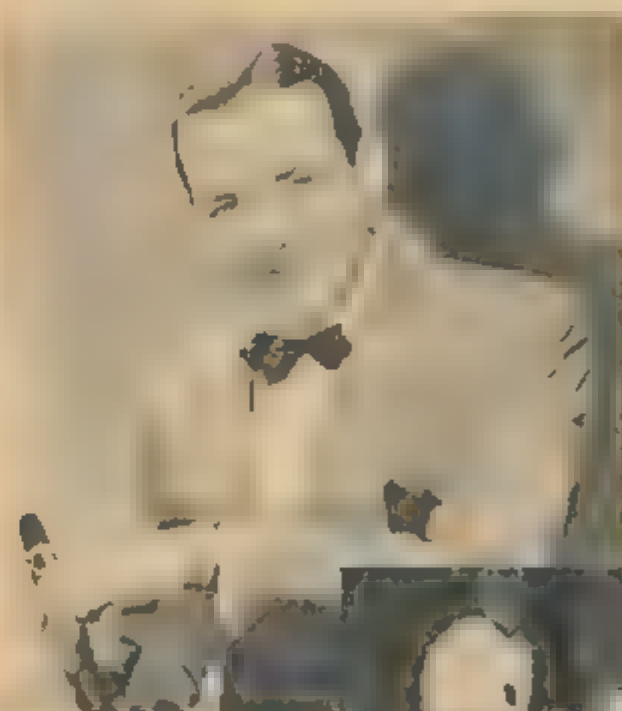
You want to be in on the fun, too, and here are ways and means. If you live near enough to an Official Headquarters Store (see page 98) to join its CAG Club, you're all set! Many of these stores sponsor our radio show, too. If these *ways* fail, here's a *means* to try—write to Nancy Pepper, **CALLING ALL GIRLS**, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y. Maybe she can help.

recent show for which fashion editor Nancy Pepper flew to Grand Rapids. The teen-ager who won most votes for the Board, Jelane Seafeld, will be brought to New York by Herpolzheimer's to help the teen buyer select the



Left—They played hot and they played sweet—that man-sized band which accompanied Nancy's commentary at Herpolzheimer's, Grand Rapids, Mich., fashion show.

Below—Gentleman with the smile is Jimmy Dorsey, of course! In between band engagements, he shone on our radio show.



Below—Peggy Ryan and Donald O'Connor put on a grand show at Crowley, Milner, Detroit, Mich. Pictured with them are, at left, Donald's bride, and at right, Club director, Marge Martin.



Below—Glamorous Mimi Benzell, Metropolitan Opera star, visited our radio show recently and told our listeners how she arrived at the top.



Right—Dorothy Grover, our December cover girl, did some drum majorette twirling at the Kresge-Newark CAG show. Nancy Pepper interviewed her.



ADVENTURES OF "R.C." AND QUICKIE

CRASH LANDING!

THIS PLANE IS ACTING MIGHTY SKITTISH, R.C.!

SOMETHING'S GONE WRONG, QUICKIE. I'M GOING UP TO THE PILOT'S CABIN TO SEE.

R.C. AND QUICKIE ARE SPECIAL PASSENGERS ON A BIG CARGO PLANE. AS THE POWERFUL SHIP WHEELS IN FOR ITS LANDING RUN, SUDDENLY

HOLY MACKEREL, THE PILOT'S PASSED OUT!

AND THE CO-PILOT'S BACK THERE SLEEPING! WE'LL HAVE TO TAKE OVER.

TAKE IT EASY, R.C. --YOU'RE FLYING A FREIGHT CAR NOT A CUB NOW.

THANK GOODNESS I'VE TAKEN SOME FLYING LESSONS

WE'LL NEVER MAKE IT.

RELAX, SON. DON'T BEAR DOWN ON THE STICK...LEVEL HER OFF...YOUR RIGHT WING'S HEAVY...THROTTLE DOWN A LITTLE MORE...I'LL TELL YOU WHEN TO PULL THE NOSE UP.

R.C. CONTACTS THE FIELD. THE FLIGHT CONTROL OPERATOR RADIOS BACK LANDING INSTRUCTIONS.

GOOD-BYE, WORLD. GOOD-BYE ROYAL CROWN COLA!

WHEN I TELL YOU TO CUT THE IGNITION...CUT IT FAST! HERE WE GO...BRACE YOURSELF.

HANG ON, QUICKIE.

THE HUGE PLANE HITS THE GROUND AT TOO SHARP AN ANGLE. IT BOUNCES CRAZILY AND SKIDS OFF THE RUNWAY.

CUT THE SWITCH, QUICKIE.

CRASH

TAKE CARE OF THE PILOT--HE'S PRETTY BADLY SHAKEN UP!

QUICK... SOME ROYAL CROWN COLA! I NEED A "QUICK-UP"!

BOYS THAT TOOK A LOT OF GUTS...

LATER

WE WANT TO THANK YOU FELLAS...THAT WAS A MIGHTY VALUABLE CARGO

WE WANT TO THANK YOU FOR THE ROYAL CROWN COLA! IT'S A SWEET "QUICK-UP"!

YEAH, AND DON'T FORGET IT'S THE BEST-TASTING COLA OF EM ALL.

WESTERN STAR JOHNNY MACK BROWN SAYS

RC IS MY BRAND! IT REALLY TASTES BEST!

See Johnny Mack Brown Starring in Monogram's NAIDERS OF THE SOUTH

ROYAL CROWN COLA

3 FULL GLASSES

Collector's
items



Live

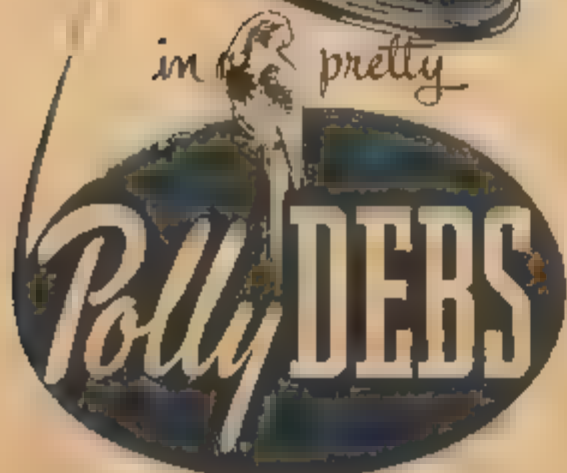


Laugh



Loaf

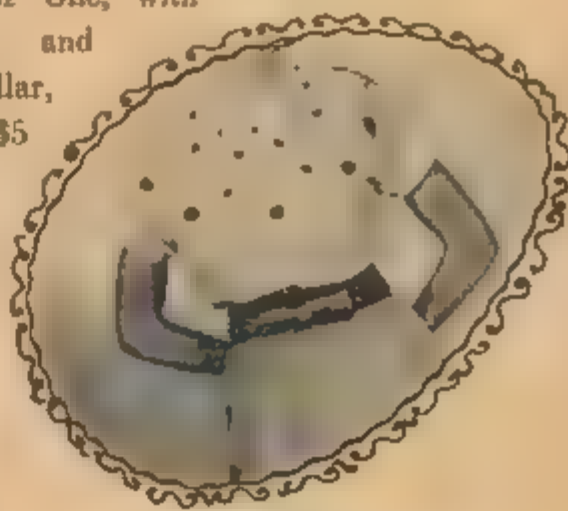
in pretty



Three to ONE

Juggle several blouses with one suit
—and you're set for spring.

Blouse Number One, with
embroidered dots, and
Number Two, with lace collar,
by Barcee—about \$5
each. Number Three, with
lace ruffles, by Judy Kent,
about \$4. All in white wash-
able rayon. Belts by Vogue.



Stripes in a belted
cutaway with pencil-slim
skirt by Derby, about
\$20. Hat, Teen-age by
Gage. Suit and blouses
at The Hecht Co.,
Washington, D.C.;
Henry C. Lytton & Co.,
Chicago, Ill.; Davison-
Paxon Co., Atlanta
and Augusta, Ga. Also at
many stores on page 98.



LET'S TALK THINGS OVER

(Continued from page 28)

who share her own special interests as well. Though Mary isn't enthusiastic about dancing, they'll appreciate her being a good sport about it.

As for dancing, she may discover, as have others, that once she masters a few steps and acquires some partners who enjoy dancing with her, she'll consider it fun. In spite of her present feelings, she may get to love it someday. She'll be less self-conscious when she has more of the know-how that gives one confidence and poise. A little private tutoring by a kind-hearted pal should help, too; it should be possible to get this, especially if she generously shares special skills of her own. It is good to remember that dancing together is one way of meeting old and making new friends.

I get good grades in school—higher, I believe, than the rest of the kids. I don't see why this should matter, but one teacher makes me seem like "teacher's pet," and I don't like it. Some of the other kids take it out on me. What should I do?—Carol R., Ohio

WE don't see any reason why Carol couldn't ask for a private talk with her teacher sometime. She could say she is grateful for and really pleased about all the recognition and encouragement she has been receiving, but she wonders if Miss X would help her in her friendships with her classmates, by praising her "in public" less often. She might also ask for suggestions of ways in which her teacher and her fellow students could offer due recognition to other members of the class—especially those who may feel discouraged or uncertain about their work.

It should be comforting to Carol to know that it is not impossible for her to have fine relationships with other girls and boys just because she's tops in her schoolwork. If she shows a spirit of loyalty and friendship and a willingness to recognize various kinds of abilities in others, and if she is helpful and considerate, these fine qualities will be felt and appreciated. Carol's teacher may not realize that she shows special favoritism and may very well welcome Carol's request not to be singled out too often. Carol wants to feel that she is a good member of the group, doing her best, along with the other students, each of whom, in her or his own way, should be making certain valuable contributions to the group and growing steadily in confidence and in knowledge. Some of the other young people who find it harder than Carol to do outstandingly successful work may need reassurance. Once she begins helping them she will find herself becoming an increasingly vital member of the group.

PLAN ON A

*Peplum
Suit*

To party in, study in,

live in, nothing could

be prettier! Buttoned in
silver to secure a tiny waist.

Perky with a peplum
that accentuates the slim
lines of the skirt. You'll

take it with you right into
Spring and Summer.

Sizes 10 to 16

About \$17

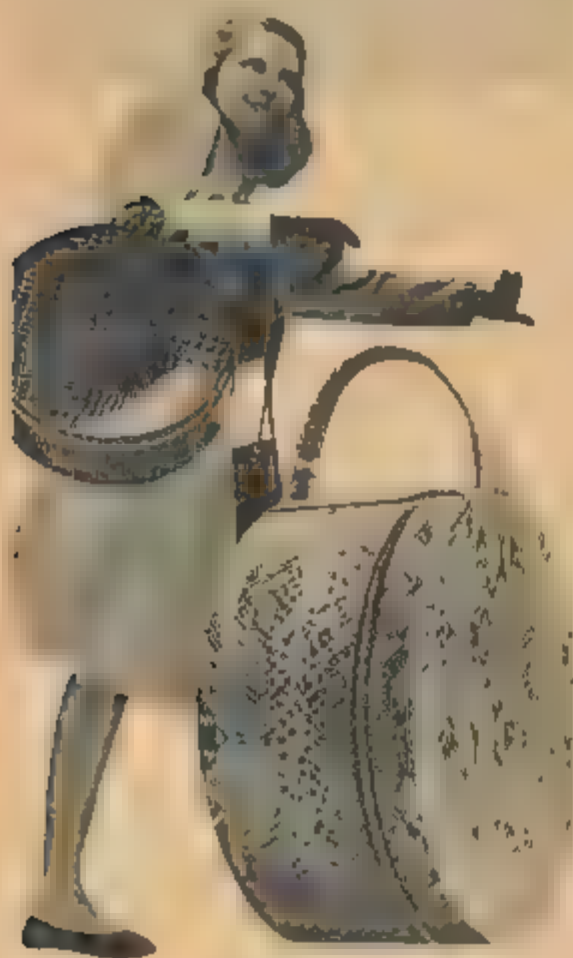
*TEENS
by Gordon Maid
of Boston*

GORDON MAID SKIRT CO., INC.

NEW YORK SHOWROOM
BOSTON SHOWROOM

1350 BROADWAY
29 ALBANY STREET

LOOK LIKE *The Cover Girl!*



Harry Conover

COVER GIRL BOX

by **LOYAL**

as carried by top-flight fashion models

To be a Cover Girl, you should look like and carry the badge of the models' glamorous life... the official Conover Cover Girl Box. Sleek, handsome accompaniment for your prettiest fashions. Black or brown simulated alligator. Also in richly grained simulated python. Natural cherry red, bottle green, luggage tan. Spacious mirror. Talon zipper 14" diameter, 6 1/2" deep.

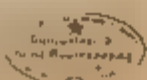
\$13.65 plus 20% Federal Excise Tax

★ Free with each box Harry Conover's booklet "I'm Talking Through My Hat Box" & healthy helps on becoming a model!

Available at these fine stores:

Atlanta: Davison-Paxon Co. • Boston: W. Filene Sons Co. • Brooklyn: Abraham & Straus • Chicago: Marshall Field & Company • Dallas: A. H. & Co. • Detroit: J. L. Hudson Co. • Indianapolis: H. P. Watson & Co. • Milwaukee: Gimbel's • New York: Gimbel's • Philadelphia: Gimbel's • Pittsburgh: Gimbel's • St. Louis: S. A. Lee & Fuller Co. • Salt Lake City: Z. C. M. • Washington, D. C.: The Hecht Company

At stores listed above or write:
LOYAL Leather Products, division of
U. S. Luggage & Leather Products Co.,
29 West 34th Street, N. Y. 1, N. Y.
We'll send you free Conover booklet!



JABBERWOCKY and JIVE

MERE CASHMERES

I thought the worst had happened,
I was completely sunk
When I extracted from the suds
My cashmere—badly shrunk.

Today a sight more horrible
Confronts my troubled eyes;
Why must my sweaters always
shrink
To just my roommate's size?

MOVIE HIDE-OUTS

You probably have your favorite movie stars, but how is your score when it comes to movies in general? See how many titles you can find in the following letter, then check your answers with the ones on page 79.

Open City, Nevada
February 25, 1947

Dear Laura,

You asked me "What's buzzin', cousin?" Now it can be told. While I was having breakfast in Hollywood

recently, Captain Fury called me and ordered me to start off for a holiday in Mexico. He knows I love a mystery and there was a job he wanted me to do while I was down there. Seems that somewhere in the night there was a missing lady and I had to find her. Life was full of suspense and in order to find her I was given a passkey to danger. Through some cockeyed miracle (when there's a genius at work—that's me—things don't crack up) I found her on the notorious Street of Chance.

Without a shadow of a doubt, people are funny for she wasn't a bit glad to be found. She turned out to be Cluny Brown, the postman's daughter. I was full of blithe spirit for having done a good job.

Well, it's great to be young and since nobody lives forever, I decided to celebrate with a vacation in Reno where you can rhumba and sing while you dance. I know it sounds slightly scandalous of me, but I didn't

UTTERLY FANTASTIC SITUATION: NO. 7



STPMATY

"My mother is so mean. She never lets me do the dishes."
Gag by Phyllis Teeter, Los Angeles, Calif.

When writing to advertisers, please mention **CALLING ALL GIRLS**.

stay long—went on to the boys' ranch.

Roughly speaking, what's happening to me—it shouldn't happen to a dog. I have to go back to work. That's what happens when you have a brief encounter with the boss.

By the way, while I was in Reno, I bumped into Claudia and David, little Miss Big, and Charlie's Aunt.

Well, I'll be seeing you.

Rebecca.

DAFFYNISHINS

Watch works—Brains.

Slide your jive—Talk freely.

Bathing beauty—A girl worth wading for.

School daze—Your condition during at least half the school term.

Marsh with a black bottom—Marshmallow sundae with chocolate ice cream.

Well, as you can see, this is S O S—The same old stuff.

TALE TWISTING

Have you heard of the little moron who liked to eat eggs so he could crack yolks? Here are some we'd like to crack and then we'll scramble. There are three members of the Bigger family, Mama, Papa, and Baby Bigger. Who's biggest? Baby Bigger because he's a little Bigger. And just in case no one's told you, there is no such thing as a perfect day because every day starts by breaking

EXPRESSIONALLY YOURS

According to all reports, these are your latest expressions. They're to the point too, but if you haven't heard them before, we warn you they've been gathered from all over. "To each his own" when someone wants to borrow something; "Don't be one way about it"—look at the other side, too; and "I'm smart, too" to indicate you understand. Of course, if someone sings off-key you ask, "You like that better than singing?" or, if she trips over something, "You like that better than walking?" You can go on from there—it has endless possibilities. There's been a lot of "well-practically" which seems to be tagged on the end of every sentence describing *anything*. And now that you've read this far, you may "Shove it under the door" (forget about it).

You can dream, can't you? And you can make it pay off by dreaming up an utterly Fantastic Situation gag. Send in your original gag to Jabberwocky and Jive Editor, *Calling All Girls*, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y. If it clicks, our artist will draw the cartoon and you will get \$1 on publication. Be sure your name and address appear on each gag. All gags we buy become the property of *Calling All Girls*. None of them can be acknowledged or returned.



The *Sun-kist* Boxie Nub . . .

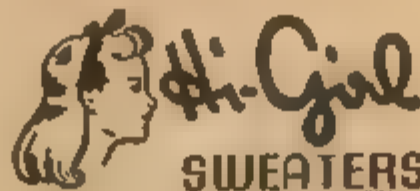
Hollywood's latest — for pulling the wool over his eyes — this glamour combination of short sleeve and long torso — for spring.

From coast to coast, it's the toast of the teens.

You'll want more than one when you see it in white, blue, maize, melon, or peach. Sizes 10 to 16.

At leading stores or write

About \$8

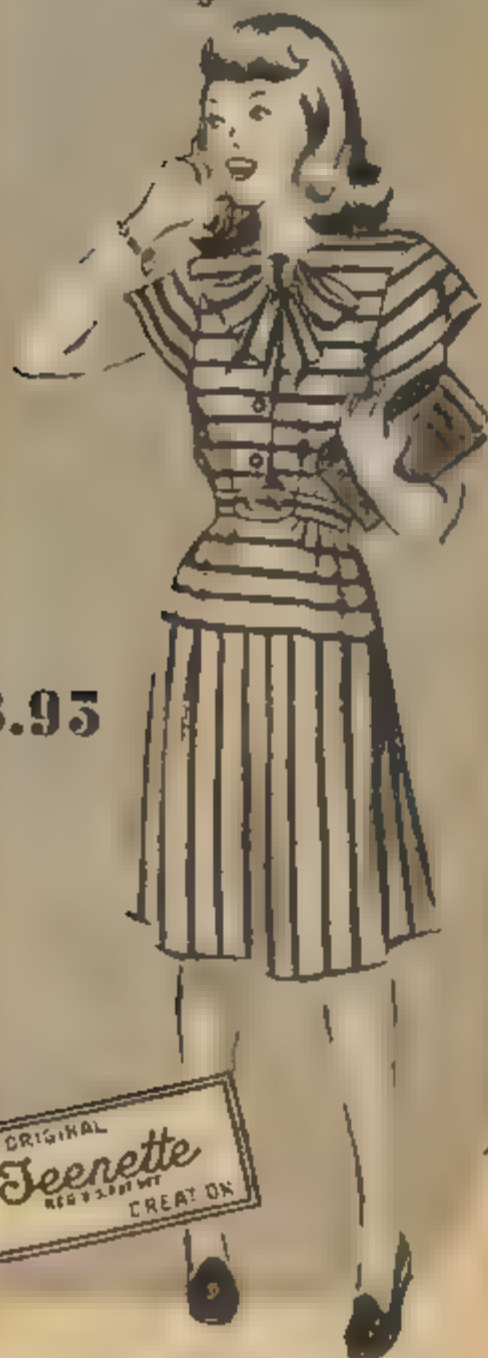


Dept CAG 1410 Broadway, New York N Y

CALLING
ALL

In-Betweeners'

... too old for little girl
dresses, too small for
regular teen sizes . .



\$8.95



It's a pet, you bet! . . . this
"truly yours" Teenette. Just
right, cute as can be. In Spun
Rayon . . . brown stripes on
powder blue background, or
navy on yellow. Sizes 10, 12, 14.

for famous fashions

FRANK & SEDER
Philadelphia

FRANK & SEDER • 11th & Market Sts., Philadelphia 7, Pa.

Please send me "Teenette" dresses at \$8.95 each

Size _____ Color _____

2nd Color Choice _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Charge ☐ Check or M.O. ☐ C.O.D. ☐

*No C.O.D. & Beyond Our Truck Route!

Free Delivery in Pa., N.J., Md., Del., Wash., D.C., Va.,
N.Y., N.H., Mass. and Conn. For all other States add 10c.

ALLOW 3 WEEKS FOR DELIVERY

BEAUTY Buy-words

THERE'S something about a snappy spring outfit that calls for new accessories, even to beauty fixin's. The products listed below, and those on other pages, should go well with you! The prices are approximate and taxes are not included.

• Have you heard about the new Easter fashion in lipstick this year? It's a startlingly different Henry Rosenfeld creation, with a swivel lucite cap covering a rich brass base. And even more than smooth-looking, the case has a lock-tight catch that keeps your lipstick from opening up and messing around in your purse! Comes in six fashion-conscious shades ranging from a bright red to a dusky hue. \$1.00.



• If you're wise in the ways of make-up, you'll want to invest in Peggy Sage's very special new lipstick brush. Special because it's made of superfine hair, has a well-proportioned white plastic shaft that's easily visible in your handbag, and a neat little gold-finished cap attached to keep your brush clean. \$1.00 at cosmetic counters.

• All bright-eyes please focus on Maybelline's new gold-finished, metal case for solid mascara. Slim, flat, and superbly simple, it's a natural for slipping into your most elegant evening bag—and a lifesaver for dull-looking "droopers" when it comes to



the contents inside! This large-size package is yours for \$1.00 at drug, department, and syndicate stores.

• When it's rough going on the road to Beauty because of a bumpy skin, Rose Laird's Young Skin products may give you a helping hand. You'll like especially her satiny-smooth Protective Make-Up Film with its antiseptic base. Just choose the shade that blends best with your natural skin tones, apply it lightly

and evenly, and there you are—a feathery-light foundation that benefits while it beautifies. For \$1.50 at cosmetic counters.

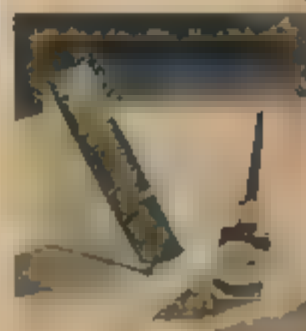
• A breath of spring-scented toiletries does a better job than sulphur and molasses to perk you up these March days. We think Shulton's Quadrille Box of Old Spice products will do just that. Toilet water, talcum, soap and sachet will give you an aura of sweet-smelling goodness from the skin out. When the contents



of the package disappear, the memory will linger on in an attractive box that's wonderful for odds and ends on your dresser. \$1.25.

• If your skin is the least bit irritated by cosmetics, kindly lend an ear while we expound the merits of Ar-Ex. It's a line of non-allergic beauty products that adds to your prettiness, yet subtracts the discomfort sometimes caused by ingredients in cosmetics. From powder and lipstick to chap cream and shampoo, Ar-Ex has every beauty preparation you can think of for oily, dry, and normal skins. Most items for \$1.00 at drug and cosmetic counters.

• New post-war formula. New post-war flacon. New post-war fashion.



That's Naylor, by La Cross—a more flexible, adherent polish that will wear for ever so long. Streamlined as a Stratoliner, the bottle is non-tippable and the lucite, long-handled brush is as easy to use as a pencil. Which means more professionally-smooth manicures for you! In twelve shades, 60c a bottle.

SOME LIKE 'EM HOT

(Continued from page 50)

know the difference and know which is for you. Again for 4, melt over hot water $1\frac{1}{2}$ squares of chocolate. The water must be hot, not boiling, or Things Happen That Shouldn't. Add to this 4 tablespoons of sugar and $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon of salt. When you have it stirred smooth, pour in slowly, still stirring, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of boiling water. Then add 3 cups of scalded milk. Boil the mixture, over the direct flame, for 1 minute. Then beat it like mad. And you have chocolate.

Now that you're set with the basic warmer-upper, let's go on to some queer ones. All right, heat a glass of cider for every cold skater, stir in a little butter, maybe 1 teaspoon if the glasses are really big, and shake over each glass a whisk of cinnamon. This is warmth with a difference! You can do the same thing with grape juice, using cloves instead of cinnamon, and being very sure it doesn't come to a boil (that does something to the flavor). With either of these, what goes best is obviously doughnuts. More?

Hot Clam Bracer

Heat 1 cup of clam juice, add to it 1 tablespoon of tomato catsup and 1 tablespoon of lemon juice. Then, if you really want to slay people, top each glass with a "head" of whipped cream. It's hot, salty, heartening, and good. With it any salty cracker, or big slabs of buttered rye bread.

If they liked this, you'd better go look at the soup shelf, because it is fraught with possibilities. Any clear soup or any cream soup that isn't full of gunk makes a good stout warmer-upper. How about mushroom bouillon? Did you ever try it when you were good and cold? Hot, in a glass? Or—

Hot Tomato Broth

This is what, at the breakfast table, you've called tomato juice. It needs oomph. This you build in, in one of two ways. Either you take 4 cups of raw tomato juice and heat it with $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon onion salt and $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon celery salt and 3 stalks of parsley and a bay leaf, or you go right back to first principles and put into the saucepan with 4 cups of tomato juice, 2 slices of raw onion, 1 stalk of celery with leaves, 3 stalks of parsley, and a bay leaf. The first way will taste pretty good in 10 minutes, the second takes maybe half an hour before the essence of the seasonings has cooked into the juice. In either case, it's "for what ails you," and doubly good with a "head" of whipped cream.

What about the rest of the soup shelf, the citrus fruits, the "ades"? We have the answers. If you want them, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope for the lead-t Tip-top Soup Toppers to Junior Housekeeping Department 39, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

TOPIC:

ARE MOTHERS PEOPLE?



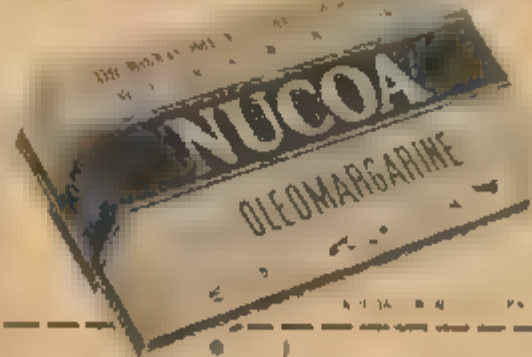
You're used to Mother as background for your life. But how about Mother's life? Shouldn't she have a day for herself now and then? And when she gets home from, say, a shopping session, wouldn't it be fine if you had dinner on the table?

You say you're scared? You've never handled a whole meal by yourself? Then start this easy way—with a tasty, simple-to-fix main dish per recipe below. Serve it with peas or stewed tomatoes, a cucumber salad, maybe, and fruit for dessert. Smart girl—you've emceed a menu!



CREAMED CHIPPED BEEF IN POTATO RING

(1) Boil 6 medium sized potatoes, 4 celery tops, 1 onion sliced in 1 qt. boiling water with $1\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. salt (2) Tear up $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. dried beef slices, rinse in boiling water and drain (3) Melt 4 tbsp. Nucco in skillet, add beef and sauté until it begins to curl (4) Sift 4 tbsp. enriched flour over meat and stir until it disappears (5) Add 3 cups milk slowly, stir and bring to boil (6) Drain potatoes, rice onto a hot serving plate to form a ring, and dot with Nucco (7) Beat 1 egg very light and stir into creamed beef (8) Pour beef into center of potato ring. Yield 6 servings.



TIP THE FAMILY OFF TO NUCOA

Nucco's so good it "melts in your mouth." It furnishes all the calories of the most expensive spread for bread. And no spread can be counted on as a finer source of Vitamin A. Yet look at the money Nucco saves

AND HERE'S GOOD NEWS—FREE!

"Party Foods on Little Money"—for club, class or private high jinks. Illustrated booklet contains 8 menus, with grocery lists and easy recipes. Address: The Best Foods, Inc., 68 Lexington Ave., New York 16, N.Y.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ Zone _____ State _____



JUDY WING

(Continued from page 37)

open that flying school. If you won't face the fact now, you'll be facing it every day in the air when you tangle with his planes."

Judy was silent for a moment. Skip was right, of course, but it was Mr. Barker's affair. Only—Mr. Barker was in Chicago, and she knew that at that distance he couldn't deal with the matter.

"And Judy," said Skip softly, "when you're forced to give up the school because the competition is too much for you, and you come to me for sympathy..."

"That," said Judy, "will definitely be the day. Now if you'll pay for the sodas and help me into my coat, I think I'll be able to part with you without breaking down completely."

Skip had a lot to say about justice, and even put in a plea for mercy as he walked Judy back to the Henderson airport, but Judy was busy with her own thoughts. Suppose she went to see Mr. Oliver, as Skip had suggested. Maybe a frank talk with him would convince him of the disadvantages to both of them if he went ahead with his plans.

A few minutes later she was flying over the estate. Its vast wooded acres had always been open to her and her students while it had waited for a buyer. They'd had many a picnic in that grove below. They'd wandered

up to the old deserted mansion and explored around it, even picked the flowers in the weed-grown gardens. On the long level field to the south of the house she could see men pacing back and forth. Planning the runways, Judy thought, with a sinking feeling. There wasn't any time to waste. Maybe it was already too late.

She set her plane down on the school runway, borrowed Bob's car, and fifteen minutes later was ringing the bell of the old mansion. No one answered, and Judy was about to turn away when a man's voice



As associate editor of *Calling All Girls*, Annette Turngren writes a number of articles for your favorite magazine as well as the popular stories about Judy Wing. In what spare time she has, she writes mystery and other books for girls.

called from one of the gardens. Judy followed the flagged path around to the side, and hesitated. In a chair under the trees sat a young man, his blond head bared to the bleak spring sun, a sweater drawn about his broad shoulders. The table before him was strewn with papers.

"Hello there," he said. He didn't rise.

"Hello," said Judy uncertainly. This couldn't be James Oliver. Air-men were usually most courteous. "I'm looking for Mr. Oliver."

"Seems as if you've found him." He gave her an engaging smile, but Judy wasn't having any. He motioned to a chair near his. "You're Judy Wing, aren't you?"

When Judy surveyed him with a puzzled look, he laughed and indicated the field glasses on the table. "I've watched you flying, you see. Been wondering when my neighbors would come to call."

"I see," said Judy. There was a dangerous mildness in her voice. "I've just heard that you're opening a flying school, Mr. Oliver. I felt that perhaps I should warn you there already is one near-by."

"Warn me?" His right eyebrow went up, and he gave her an amused smile. "Sounds like a declaration of war. Is it?"

"Not unless you want war, Mr."

...for a s-m-o-o-t-h complexion let Noxzema nurse Your Skin



YOU want skin lovely to look at smooth to touch! Every girl does. Do as thousands of nurses do! Use greaseless, medicated Noxzema Skin Cream before going to bed and as a long-lasting powder base. See how this famous beauty aid can help make your skin rate whistles!

NURSES were among the first to find that Noxzema helps heal bothersome externally-caused blemishes soothes and smooths rough dry skin. Today it's used by thousands and thousands. A recent survey shows that 4 out of 5 attractive, professional models and 8 out of 10 glamorous Broadway beauties interviewed use Noxzema! So take this beauty tip from them! Use it regularly as an aid to skin you can be proud of.

for Lovelier Legs

If you skip stockings and get chapped legs and ankles, just smooth on soothing Noxzema. See how it softens red, rough skin quickly helps heal sore unattractive chapping.

Over 20,000,000 jars bought yearly! Get your jar of Noxzema today!



NOXZEMA

At all drug counters
10c, 35c, 50c, plus tax

Oliver." Judy flushed. This was getting off on the wrong foot with a vengeance, but what else could you do when a man was deliberately rude?

"I'm fairly peace-loving—unless I'm provoked." He laughed. "It's true I didn't consult your school before I bought this place..."

"If you had, we might have pointed out that even though you're just far enough away from us to permit you to open such a school, actually we're both going to be at a disadvantage. It's not easy to schedule all the flights even from our field alone. And with your school so near..."

"Yes, I see what you mean." For a moment Judy was sure he was laughing at her, and she glanced at him sharply. But his eyes were on the pencil he was twirling between his fingers, and she couldn't tell anything by the expression on his face. Then he added slowly, "You've begun to feel you own the air, haven't you?"

Judy jumped to her feet, her face flushed with anger. "I don't believe there's any point in exchanging insults, Mr. Oliver. Good day." But as she turned to go she couldn't resist one last jibe. "Please don't bother to get up. I can find my way out."

When she got through to Mr. Barker on the telephone, she found her fears justified. He couldn't come back now—was she sure of her facts? Well, they'd have to deal with it when he returned. Judy turned away from the phone discouraged. If Ted were here, she'd ask him for advice. But Ted was far away in Texas and she certainly wasn't going to burden him with the school's problems.

It was no comfort at all that most of her students were thrilled by the prospect of a rival flying school next door.

"Aren't you excited, Miss Wing?" Dot cried when Judy joined the girls gathered around the fire in the lounge. "We can have parties."

"Mmmm," said Judy. "I'm thinking of how you girls are going to get your flying time in when the sky's full of other planes."

"That's a thought!" Helen cried. "Well, I'm so close to my private license, it won't concern me much, but the rest of you..."

When she saw the glum looks on the faces about her, Judy burst out laughing. "Oh, we're not licked yet," she said. "We can sneak up at dawn, you know."

"A fine thing!" Kay exclaimed. "I'll simply perish if I have to get up any earlier."

At that point a maid walked in with a long package for Judy.

"Texas?" teased Ellen, as Judy opened the box and revealed the rich red of roses. "Two dozen, I'll bet! That's Texas!"

"You're wrong," said Judy, glancing at the card. "They happen to be from our new neighbor."

Are you in the know?



Can you be picture-perfect—

- ☐ With a shiny nose
- ☐ Without benefit of bangles
- ☐ In a pastel dress

Si, si to all 3. Copy this chick for whom the camera clicks, spurning heavy makeup (a slight shine helps model the face). For-

sake all bangles, "posey" clothes. Skip sweaters, slacks. Simple pastels photograph best. You can be at your best even on trying days—with the self-assurance Kotex gives. For Kotex' special flat pressed ends prevent revealing outlines. And that elastic Kotex Wonderform Belt fits so smoothly; comfortably! Be the picture of posas, with Kotex!



Too bad she doesn't care about—

- ☐ Her competition
- ☐ Boogie-Woogie
- ☐ The Three D's

Men never make passes at untidy lassies droons who ignore the three D's. (Daintiness, deodorants, dress shields.) Warm wool frocks will tattle on such charmlessness. So, take care! Busy perspiration glands are always with us... working time-and-a-half on problem days, moreover! Let Kotex help you outsmart them. You see, there's a deodorant in Kotex. It's locked inside each Kotex napkin. Try Kotex-with-deodorant for daintiness—next time.



Which would you use?

- ☐ The guest towels
- ☐ The Turkish towels
- ☐ The end of your dip

Freshening up at a friend's house? Let's pray those dripping little paws will reach for the guest towels—not the family's! Spare yourself needless puzzlement, too, over which sanitary protection to choose on difficult days. Kotex, of course! For it's Kotex that has lasting softness. You're cushioned-in-comfort for hours, because Kotex is made to stay soft while you wear it. And that exclusive safety center of Kotex gives you extra protection.



More women choose KOTEX
than all other sanitary napkins*

A DEODORANT in every Kotex napkin at no extra cost

*T.M. Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

"Mr. Oliver? What does the card say? Or aren't you telling?"

"Well, jeepers, El, can't Miss Wing have any secrets?" Dot rebuked her.

Judy flushed. "Mr. Oliver and I had a set-to this afternoon," she confessed. "The card says, 'If we must fight, I prefer pistols at dawn. Or will you settle for these roses and my sincere apologies?'"

"Men!" said Kay disgustedly. "They think a few flowers or a box of candy will fix up anything!"

"They're lovely roses," Judy said, lifting them from the box.

"But he's still going to start his old flying school, I'll bet!" added Ellen.

Judy flared up. "Well, what do you want me to do? Fight a duel with him?"

"Shoot it out, Texas style!"

"No! I've got it!" Dot shouted. "Fly it out! Miss Wing, you could! Tell him if he can't beat you at flying, he'll have to give up his school. He wouldn't have a chance!"

Judy joined in the laugh, and went in search of a vase. But when she came back with the roses a few minutes later, she found that Dot's ridiculous suggestion had caught the girls' fancy.

"I think it would be simply swell," said Lynn. "You know, not just straight speed, but maneuvers. He'd never be able to pull out of a spin the way you do, Miss Wing."

"I'm not so sure," said Judy

thoughtfully. And the next minute, "Look. Nobody's going to fight any duels with anybody, in the air or out. That's final."

But the crazy idea wouldn't leave her mind, even after the last of the girls had wandered off reluctantly to her studies. Ellen was right. James Oliver hadn't said a word in his note about giving up the flying school. The peace-offering of the roses was clearly meant to buy her good will. If Mr. Barker had approached Oliver, the results would have been different. He wouldn't have been put off by two dozen roses.

On Monday, an incident in the air made Judy consider the girls' scheme almost seriously. She was at the controls, with Lynn in the student's seat, when she sighted the red plane. Even before it came near enough for her to recognize it, she guessed it was Oliver's. He dipped a wing in salute—and flew straight across Judy's path!

"Why, the . . ." Judy sputtered. She didn't own the air, he'd said. But what did he mean by deliberately getting in her way? "He's trying to provoke me into a real scrap," she thought. "Well, I'm willing!"

She had to talk to someone. Even talking to Skip might help her see things more clearly.

But the girls had already got to the sociable Skip, and when she met him the following Tuesday at the Crystal Spa, he knew all about the "duel" and was vigorously for it.

Judy shook her head. "It's a figment of Dot's imagination," she said.

"Figment—phooey!" cried Skip. "It's a natural! But you've got to act fast, angel. He's proposed it—if he's any kind of a good sport, this will be right up his alley. He's the cocksure kind—it won't ever occur to him he can't outfly you. Look. All you have to do is send him a challenge . . ."

"I don't even know how to word a challenge . . ." Judy began, and then she was lost. Within the next hour, Skip had written and sent to Oliver a masterly challenge which no cocksure airman with a taste for good fun could possibly resist. The answer was just as prompt in coming, delivered to Judy in the booth at the Crystal Spa by the same man who had put Skip to flight on his visit to the mansion. Oliver wrote that he was delighted at the prospect of pitting his skill in the air against that of such a renowned flier as Judy Wing. He would meet her on the following Saturday at noon, as she had suggested, and since she had chosen the "weapons" for their duel, might he propose that if he failed to repeat satisfactorily any maneuver she performed, the victory should go to her?

Skip neglected the *Bugle* shamefully in the next days while he coached Judy in the fine art of winning. He acted as go-between and at

The best years of your life

and heaven-blue. Sizes 10 to 16

Bambury-HI

FASHION

At your favorite store, or write to

BAMBURY-HI FASHIONS

528 EIGHTH AVENUE • NEW YORK 18, N. Y.



least he was helpful in keeping Judy's fighting blood boiling.

The school buzzed with excitement, and Judy heard so much about the promised contest that she wished a thousand times she'd never listened to Skip, never heard of James Oliver, and that Saturday would bring a cloudburst.

And then on Friday came fresh dismay. Ted wired that he was coming Fast for a conference with his boss, and if all went well, would arrive at the school some time on Saturday.

"Just so he comes after the show's over!" Judy prayed. "Ted wouldn't like this. He's much too sensible. But I'm in it now—I can't back down."

Not even the weather was on Judy's side. Saturday was crystal clear and sunny, with little wind. The girls chortled with delight when they saw the clear sky.

Judy didn't meet James Oliver again until they both took to the air promptly at twelve o'clock. They flew in close enough to salute each other, and then the battle was on. Below, a crowd of girls and a few men, among them Skip, cheered lustily.

It was a game of "Follow the Leader" that had been decided on, with Judy setting the pace. She took a couple of swings around the pattern with Oliver in pursuit before she climbed to thirty-five hundred feet and went into her first precision spin. When she recovered from her last half turn and brought the plane back to level flight she saw Oliver begin his spin. Judy watched it admiringly.

"On the button!" she applauded.

Judy had insisted on maneuvers which would be of some value to her students, watching from the ground. She knew the girls would be taking mental notes as she climbed again to three thousand feet, eased the stick back, touched the right rudder gently and went into a falling leaf. Here timing was terribly important, and even before she had half completed the maneuver, Judy knew she'd taken just a little too long before applying left rudder. It wasn't her best falling leaf, but it would have to do. She fumed when she saw



YOU it's a fresh new in MILK-TONE CAKE MAKE-UP

Of course you love the glamour look you get with cake make-up. But you don't want to use *any* make up that will dry or roughen your skin. Helena Rubinstein, world-famous for her scientific approach to beauty, blends a cake make-up that makes you look super-smooth, but keeps your skin moist and fresh, because it's made with mild, gentle, milk protein. It's *your* cake make-up—Helena Rubinstein Milk-Tone.

MILK-TONE CAKE MAKE-UP, 1.00

Crackerjack, Peachbloom, Mauresque, Rachel, Suntan

PLUS CLEANSER, a lathering cream that foams your skin rosily, dazzlingly clean, 1.00

SCUB TEAM (Plus Cleanser with Sponge), 1.50

HELENA RUBINSTEIN LIPSTICKS, Crackerjack

Command Performance, Heavenly Glow, 1.00 and up

plus tax



h e l e n a r u b i n s t e i n

PARIS

735 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 22

LONDON

When writing to advertisers, please mention CALLING ALL GIRLS

the faultless way in which James Oliver repeated the graceful glide through the air.

"Maybe I've met my Waterloo," Judy thought, "but I'm not conceding victory yet!" And her succeeding wingover, lazy eight, hammerhead stall, loops, and rolls were as perfect as Judy could make them. She knew James Oliver couldn't improve on them. But she could see that his were just as perfect!

Judy settled herself more firmly against the cushions. Then she really let Oliver have it. She didn't wait to see how he fared. In quick succession she gave him a snap roll, an inverted spin, an Immelmann, the split S, and, as a final gesture of defiance, a beautiful cartwheel.

"This one looks easy," Judy thought as she banked, pulled the stick back, and applied left aileron. "But the timing has to be perfect."

Judy timed the reverses precisely, and then at a safe distance looked back to see how Oliver was coming along. She caught her breath. Where was Oliver? He should have been following her, but instead, he was heading back for the school. And from the cockpit of the red plane trailed a long strip of white cloth!

"He's surrendering," Judy thought, and burst out laughing. "He couldn't take it!" And the next minute, "Hey, there's something funny here! He had that white flag with him—he planned to give up. I suppose he

thinks I'll be too soft-hearted to demand the penalty. He should know me!"

It was with mixed feelings of triumph and suspicion that Judy acknowledged the cheers of the girls when she landed a few minutes after Oliver's plane had rolled down the runway ahead of her. The minute the tailwheel touched the ground, Judy was surrounded by her students. There were shouts of "The winner!" "We knew you'd win!"

And Helen said quietly at her elbow, "Captain Baker's here. He came in the middle of the show."

Judy saw Ted grin at her over Skip's shoulder. She waved, but before she could reach him, Ted had broken away from the crowd and was rushing toward the red plane.

"Jim! Jim Oliver!" he was shouting.

"Well!" said Dot indignantly. "You'd think Mr. Oliver was the winner!"

Judy could hardly believe her eyes when she saw Ted and Oliver pound each other on the back.

"They must be old friends!" she said breathlessly. This didn't augur well for her, that was certain.

When Ted shouted to her to come and meet Jim, Judy started toward them slowly. Right now she didn't want to face either one of them.

"Congratulations, Miss Wing." James Oliver held out his hand. "You were just too good for me."

"Jim's from my old squadron, Judy," Ted explained, beaming. "Why didn't you let me know he was here?"

Judy didn't have any answer, but Oliver broke in before her silence was even noticed.

"About my school . . ." he began.

"Please," said Judy quickly. She saw Ted's puzzled look and added, "I—I wish you'd forget that silly wager."

"I can't do that. The understanding was I'd give up the school if I lost. Well, I'm giving it up."

"What's this about a school?" Ted asked. "You were going to start a flying school, Jim?"

James Oliver chuckled. "I wasn't, but someone started the rumor and before I knew it, I had a battle on my hands to keep the school I never meant to start!"

"You mean—so that's why you..." Judy stopped abruptly, her cheeks flaming. "Just what are you starting, Mr. Oliver?" she demanded.

"Nothing important," Oliver shrugged and looked away. "Call it a bird sanctuary, if you like. Be seeing you." And he turned to his plane.

Without a word, Judy and Ted watched the red plane taxi down the runway and take off into the sky.

Then, "Bird sanctuary!" Ted said under his breath. He turned to Judy. "You've got some explaining to do, my pet. Better start talking."

"I'm sorry, Ted," Judy said, put-



Sure To Succeed

and ready for any event, are these Tween Teen tricks.

Both made of 100% virgin wool diagonal shetland. Sizes 10-12-14.

Topper colors: Pearl, blue, aqua, red.

Suit colors: Beige, luggage, kelly green, blue.

"Tween Teen"
originals

ABOUT \$25
AT YOUR
FAVORITE STORE
OR WRITE

"TWEEN TEEN" ORIGINALS 520 EIGHTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 18, N. Y.

ting her hand on his arm. "It's all my fault. James Oliver and I started off on the wrong foot, and..."

On the way back to the school dormitory, she told Ted the story. But when she described her first meeting with Oliver, and how rude he had been, Ted stopped her and swung her around to face him. He tilted her chin up and looked at her with mock sternness.

"Did it ever occur to you he might have a reason for not standing up when you arrived, your ladyship?"

"What do you mean?" Judy demanded.

"Jim Oliver's no ordinary man—he's a miracle! That fellow wouldn't be walking today, much less piloting a plane, if he hadn't had grit enough for ten men. The last time I saw him—in an Army hospital—he was slated to spend the rest of his life in a cast."

"Oh, Ted!" Judy gasped. "And I—oh, I was dreadful to him! Ted, what can I do? Apologize?"

Ted laughed. "You're so deep in the doghouse, I don't think an apology would get you out. How about just being friendly from now on?" When he saw the stricken look leave Judy's face, he added quickly, "Hey, not too friendly! Remember me?"

"Yes, Captain Baker, I do," said Judy, softly.

They were interrupted by Skip, racing toward them from the air field.

"Judy, have you heard? I just talked to a guy who's been laying out a private golf course for Oliver. He says Oliver never meant to start a flying school. He's going to have a place where his old buddies can come and rest up whenever they feel like it."

"That's what he meant by 'bird sanctuary,'" Ted cried. "That's great! He doesn't know it yet, but his first bird arrived this noon."

"Ted!" Judy exclaimed. "You mean you can stay?"

"I've got two weeks' leave. If Jim will have me, and if you like the idea."

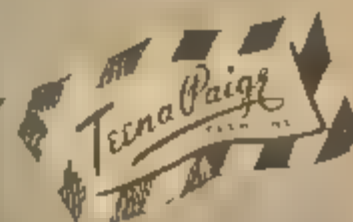
"Like it!" said Judy. "It's perfect!"

Skip groaned. "I would have to open my big mouth!"

"I guess you just can't help it, Skip," said Judy happily. "But this time I forgive you."



CALIFORNIA
HERE
|
COME



\$6⁹⁵

MAIL ORDERS FILLED

Walker's - Long Beach, Cal.

Please send me the Teena Paige dress

Color _____ Size _____
Give 1st and 2nd Choice

Name _____

Address _____

City & State _____

Check ☐ Money Order ☐ Charge ☐

DAN RIVER
COTTONS

The 1947 look—tiny waist, sweeping skirt
touched with crisp, white lace. Tailored
in famous DAN RIVER cottons guaranteed
washable. Aqua, pink, gold—all with
black strips. Teen sizes 7-9-11-13-15. \$6.95
WALKER'S - Long Beach, California

KING JAMES

(Continued from page 27)

high-school days, that the worm (or, in this case, the human eel) turned.

Jazz became an insistent part of Harry's life, as it so often does in the life of a musically inclined high-school student. Harry started playing in the different local bands and finally started up his own outfit. From the locals Harry moved right into the big time with a job in Ben Pollack's famous dance orchestra. Many people say that it was the Pollack band which first played swing music; and if Pollack wasn't the first, then Benny Goodman was. Since Harry played with both, it can definitely be said that he was one of the first trumpeters ever to play swing music!

In the Goodman band Harry played with some well-known musicians, men who, like himself, were to become name bandleaders.

Probably the most famous of them was a drummer who chewed gum in tempo with the music and made Boris Karloff faces while he played. He was Gene Krupa.

In the Goodman band was another young man whose name attracted less attention but who was to play a major part in the starting of James' own band. That man was saxophonist Dave Matthews, an excellent arranger. Many times before Harry told Goodman that he wanted to

start his own band, Dave and Harry talked music and decided upon the kind of music the James band should play. So when Harry launched his own outfit in January, 1939, the band style was already decided upon and some of the arrangements had already been written.

The band was a pretty miserable flop! Don't get me wrong. The band was good. It was a raucous, biting swing band which was perfectly willing to let the rafters fall where they might. The only trouble was that the band was too loud, too exuberant—and it flopped!

One thing that was wrong with it was that it wasn't making use of one of its best men, a trumpeter named Harry James. Harry had been so interested in making his band musically good that he had neglected to feature his trumpet.

And then, along came a tune called "You Made Me Love You"! It was an old tune with a set of lyrics which fairly tugged at your heart-strings. "You made me love you," it sobbed. "I didn't want to do it—I didn't want to do it..." The song had been forgotten by most musicians, but Harry James remembered it and liked it. He liked the melodrama it packed in its lyrics. And so Harry James recorded "You Made Me Love You." That record made Harry James into the nation's num-

ber one trumpeter and his band into one of the nation's name bands.

Now you can enact the final scenes of the typical success story and be right. Many best-selling Columbia records, top-drawing dance engagements, and motion pictures followed. Once Harry James' horn started to talk, the public went wild. They wouldn't let it stop.

Whether or not Harry proposed to Betty Grable through the bell of his conversational trumpet, 'I don't know, but I do know the Harry James-Betty Grable merger has been one of the sincerest marriages Hollywood has ever known. Honest, straightforward, shy, lanky Harry James and soft-talking, personable, glamorous Betty Grable James are a combination hard to beat.

Actually Harry's screen success has been so great that he devotes most of his working time to Hollywood these days, seldom going on the road with his band any more. As a matter of fact, as this story is being written, Harry James doesn't even have a band except the musicians he gathers together to make a picture or cut some records. Oh, before long he'll probably reorganize again and make another trip around the country. In the meantime, though, even without a band Harry James is voted one of the top five bandleaders in the country!

CALLING ALL GIRLS

With one of these belts you can win the love of the man of your dreams. Choose one of all of them. They'll be the center of attraction with whatever you wear.

15.00

Snake Charmer—a slim circle of witchery in cowhide

Lucky Crown—a tailored sportlover in cowhide

Debutante Belts

Center of Attraction
 Making stores everywhere write
DEBUTANTE BELT CO., INC.
 546 LEATHEN COMB
 32nd St., New York 1, N.Y.

UNDER YOUR EASTER BONNET

(Continued from page 45)

If you have yet to experience that thrill, you'll look forward to the day when your very own lipstick is tucked in your school carry-all. Teeners feel that lipstick is their most important cosmetic. Lots of girls are using lipstick brushes to achieve a clearer, finer outline. If you'd like to experiment, buy a fine, sable-tipped brush and start practicing. Draw your natural outline with the tip of your brush, using your chin as a rest for your last two fingers. Fill in with the brush or lipstick. If you prefer using your finger or the tube, try to keep your outline clean and fine. Better stick to your natural line as you're liable to get a smeared look if you try improving on nature. Always blot your lipstick so that it doesn't ruin your mother's best linen or leave an ugly mark on glassware.

One of your most attractive features is your eyes. Eyes, whatever color, have a compelling quality that draws people to you. If your eyebrows are sparsely settled, you may want to use a touch of eyebrow pencil. And who doesn't want a long length of eyelash to flutter? An eyelash curler or a dab of vaseline helps to curve your lashes. You may want to splurge on a smidgen of eyeshadow and a wee bit of mascara, too, when you wear that new sea-green formal, but use it ever so lightly to enhance rather than detract from your natural good looks.

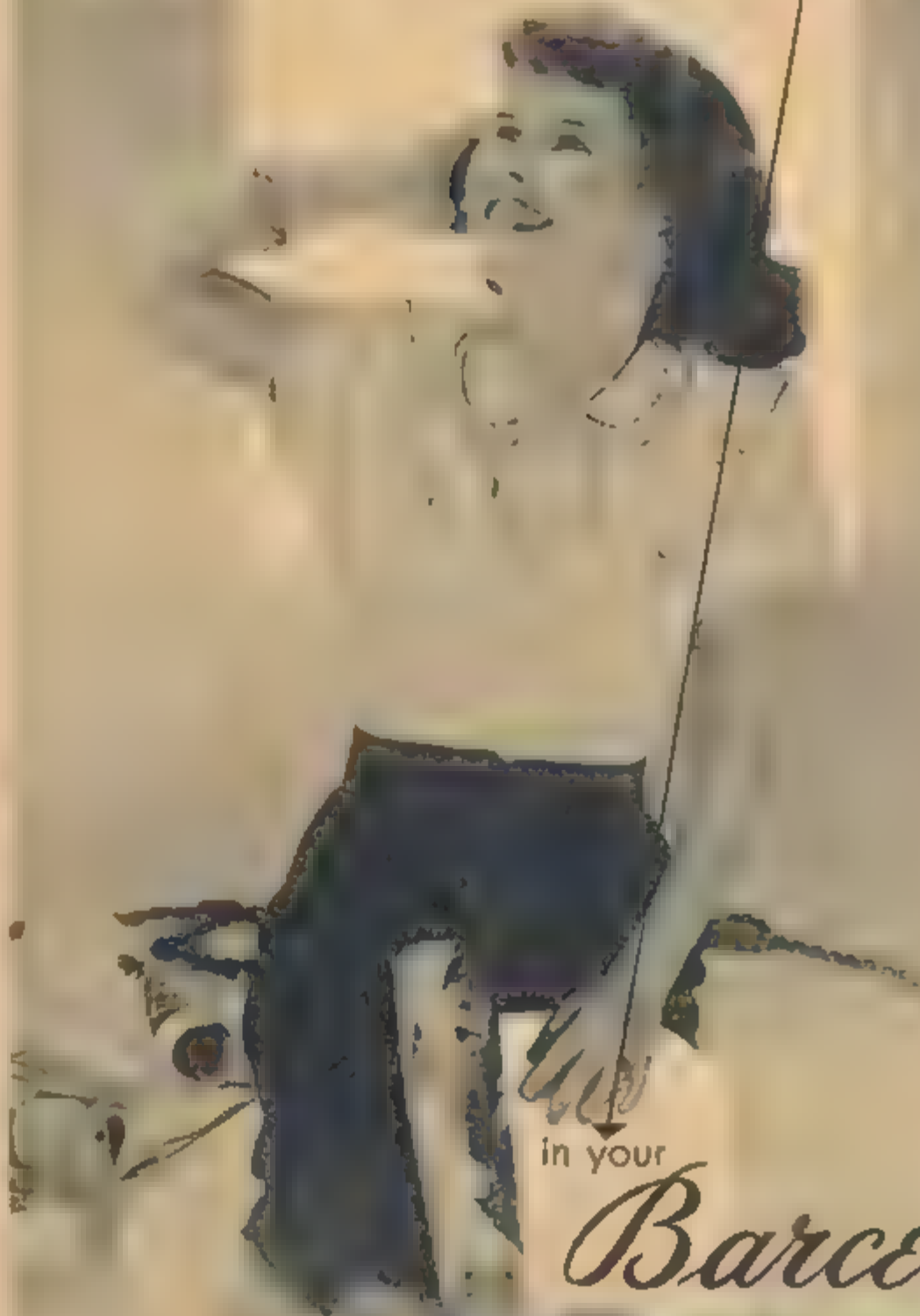
Of course, all the make-up in the world can't hide a bumpy, unhealthy skin. It's inside cleanliness and outside care that make for a fresh, vibrant complexion. When you've done your level best on that score, then, and only then, m'dear, can you finish up with cosmetics where nature left off.

Interested in improving on nature? If so, ask for our leaflet *Make-Up Magic*, crammed full of practical aids. Send a stamped, large-size, self-addressed envelope to Good Looks Department 15, *Calling All Girls*, 52 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York 17, N Y



Illustration

Cover Girl*



in your

Barcee*

originality blouse

CALLING ALL GIRLS' Cover Girl, "Pixie" Slattery, wears her favorite BARCEE BLOUSE of the month... an exciting, new PLUS to her teen-tempting BARCEE BLOUSE wardrobe. Sparkling white...merry scroll-de-rolls of lipstick RED...and a twice as nice double Peter Pan collar, "beaux-tie" 'n' all Sizes 10 to 16.

About \$5 at your favorite store.

Barcee Originals • 244 West 39th Street, New York 18, N Y



AWARDED THE FASHION ACADEMY GOLD MEDAL

'IN PLACE OF GLAMOUR

(Continued from page 25)

pulled the covers up under her chin. Saturday night Sue went to a dance with Ben Gates. Sara stayed home, doggedly working on her English theme and pretending she didn't care. Her mother came in and ruffled her hair tenderly. "Why didn't you go to the dance, too, sweetheart?" she asked naively.

"Because I wasn't asked," said Sara calmly.

"Well, I certainly don't see why you weren't," murmured her dear, vague mother. Then her face brightened. "Aunt May gave me her sugar stamp and I got an extra five pounds of sugar. Wouldn't you like to make some fudge, dear?"

Miserable as she was, Sara had to smile. How like Mother to try to salve an aching heart with a batch of fudge.

To humor her mother, Sara made fudge, and it was very good. In a way it did make her feel better. She read over her English theme as she sat nibbling the rich chocolate, decided she could do better, and wrote another one. She stuck both themes in her notebook, went to bed feeling self-righteous and superior. Sue might be a glamour girl, but she didn't get the grades Sara did. That, however, was cold comfort as Sara lay in bed thinking of the fun her sister was having.

Sunday morning was taken up by

Sunday school where both girls taught in the kindergarten and by church at eleven where they sang in the choir. After church they had to help their mother get dinner which was always a big, hearty meal lasting until late in the afternoon. While they were eating dessert the phone rang and Sue answered it.

"The crowd is going skating at the rink in Norwalk," she said when she came back to the table.

"Have you finished your homework, Sue?" asked her father.

"Oh, sure. Did it Friday night," Sue replied easily.

Sara glanced at her. Just when had she had time to write her English theme?

"You want to come?" Sue asked her.

"I guess so," her sister answered. Frank arrived in his jalopy with his cousin, Ben, and Dorie Baer. Sara felt definitely like an extra spoke in the wheel, but she was comforted by the knowledge that she did like to skate and was a better skater than Sue. It turned out that Dorie Baer's little sister was at the rink with her Blue Birds group and Sara found herself holding Dorie's sister up, trying to teach her to skate.

"Well," she thought wryly, "children and dogs like me, anyway!"

Monday morning while they were getting ready for school Sue sud-

denly wheeled around with a stricken face.

"Sara!" she cried. "That darned theme! Did you get yours written?"

Sara nodded, a curious feeling of pleasure and self-righteousness filling her.

"Oh, gosh, what'll I do, Sara? There's no time to write one now. English is first period and Miss Jackson said she wouldn't accept any themes that came in late," wailed Sue. "She let me turn in one late last term, but she won't this time."

"That's tough," said Sara, calmly. She thought of the two themes she'd written, and smiled.

"But I won't get a grade for this semester. And I got a C last term. Oh, golly!"

"I'd say you were in a jam, toots," observed Sara, fastening a huge jeweled grasshopper on the shoulder of her dress. "Well, come on. We'll be late for breakfast and Mother's made blueberry muffins."

There was a choked sound from Sue. All her poise and glamour were gone. She looked scared. In spite of her feeling that justice, at last, was being done, Sara felt a pang of uneasiness. Angry as she got at Sue, Sue was her sister, and Sara knew that Miss Jackson would be tough on Sue.

"I'm sorry, Sue. But you might have thought of that when you were



Sure hit...
with the high school crowd...

And what a wonderful way to look—in a dressmaker suit that narrows your waistline to a mere nothing. Yours, in worsteds, gabardines, and twills—or the new diagonal Bardmoor Shetland. The colors slide up the spectrum from pearl-white through the reds and greens to the darkest blue. Teen sizes 10 to 16.

In worsted . . . under \$45.00

In Bardmoor Shetland . . . under \$35.00

At better stores everywhere or write:

Barbara Coat Co., Inc.
520 Eighth Ave., New York 18, N. Y.



tearing around all week end," she said as she went down to breakfast.

Sue ate scarcely a bite, and Sara tried not to look at her. She was sorry, but after all, it was Sue's own fault. She was in a jam; now let her get out of it, let her turn on the glamour for Miss Jackson.

They walked in silence to school. At the entrance Sue stopped.

"I'm not going in," she whispered hoarsely. "I just can't. I'll go home and tell Mother I'm sick."

"That won't cut any ice with Jackson," warned Sara.

"But I can't face her, Sara." Sue's face was pale and she struggled to keep back the tears. "I can't even think of an excuse."

Sara was acutely conscious of the two themes in her notebook. It was only 8:30—still time for Sue to copy one of them into her own notebook. But gosh, Miss Jackson would be sure to know she hadn't written it and besides it wasn't honest. Suddenly she had an idea.

"Come on into study hall, Sue. You've got half an hour to write your theme."

"I can't write a theme in half an hour. I haven't even the ghost of an idea," wailed Sue.

"I'll help you. I've got loads of ideas. Come on!" She grabbed Sue's arm and hurried her down the corridor to the deserted study hall.

With Sara standing over her, making suggestions, supplying words when she got stuck, correcting her punctuation and grammar, Sue finished writing the theme just as the bell rang. It wasn't a very good one, the writing was hasty and marred by erasures and ink blots, but it was a theme and it was finished.

"Gee, Sara, you're a pal!" breathed Sue as they dashed into Miss Jackson's English class. "Maybe I can do something for you someday."

That night Sue was strangely thoughtful as the girls got ready for bed. She turned finally and looked at Sara.

"You got me out of an awful jam today, Sara. You did me a big favor. Now I'm going to do one for you."

Sara looked up in surprise.

"You want to be popular, don't you?" She didn't wait for Sara to answer. "O.K. Shall I tell you what's the matter? You've seen the way I act. Right?"

Sara nodded glumly. "But it doesn't work for me."

"Of course not. You're not the type. You've got your own style and personality and you ought to bring them out. Look at your hair. That long pageboy doesn't look good on you. Why don't you have a feather cut? When you wore your hair short you looked cute. And you look best in sport clothes. Why don't you drag out some of your sweaters and skirts, and that cute plaid suit Aunt May gave you?"

Sara stared at her but said nothing. She felt that Sue was really trying to help her, that she was being

Enter dates

The Gail Berk Classics

In softest, sleekest rayon crepe with a "come-hither" white frosting of snowflake studs. Sizes 10 to 16. About \$17 at your favorite store or write to

Gail Berk CLASSICS

MADE IN U.S.A.

honest even though she was critical. "You used to be full of pep, good at games and stuff. I wish I were, but I'm not. You're not the type to sit around the way I do. And you used to have a swell sense of humor, but now you try to hide it. I bet if you'd be yourself again and act natural you'd be as popular as anybody."

Sara shrugged. "Maybe."

"Well, it's worth a try, isn't it?"

The next day Sara had her hair cut. She felt very queer as the barber snipped off strand after strand. It was as if, bit by bit, she were shedding the borrowed mantle of Sue's glamour. She wondered if Sue was right—if after she had stripped herself of the false personality, her own would really emerge.

She kept her eyes lowered all the while the barber was working. Then he laughed and said, "Now you can look. How do you like it?" She opened her eyes and stared at herself in the mirror. She was so used to herself as a poor copy of Sue that at first she hardly recognized her own pert, round face.

"Gosh, I'd forgotten what I looked like!" she cried. She ran her fingers

through the short, wavy mop, and suddenly she felt light and free, as if a great load had been lifted from her shoulders.

"What a goon I've been," she thought, "to try to be like someone else. No wonder I haven't been popular or had fun. It's been like trying to walk in shoes that didn't fit."

You'd hardly think that just having a haircut could make a person feel so different, but in that moment when she first saw herself in the mirror looking like herself again

Sara realized that the cause of her unhappiness and awkwardness lay inside her. It wasn't because Sue was popular and she was not. It didn't have anything to do with other people at all. It was because she'd sort of lost her way. But now all at once, she'd found it again.

She swung along with a quick, eager step, her face alive and glowing. She knew that she was through struggling for popularity. She was going to be herself from now on and if people didn't like her that way, it was just too bad.

As she passed the Sugar Bowl she saw Sue going in with Frank Brown and Ben Gates. Sue turned and grinned at her, waving.

"Hi," Sue called. "Where are you going?"

"Up to Dotty's house to get her to play tennis with me," replied Sara and swung on by.

Ben turned to look at her and she heard him say to Sue, "Hey, who's your cute friend?"

She couldn't help smiling to herself, but the funny part of it was that she honestly didn't care what Ben thought of her. The most important thing to her right now was rediscovering her real self.

THE GIRL IN YOUR MIRROR

AS YOU look in your mirror you see a girl, a creature of hopes and ambitions, of wishes and intentions, of knowledge and ignorance, of gaiety and sadness, of kindness and cruelty, of gentleness and unfairness, all mingled together. This girl in the mirror likes to be liked; she likes to have friends; she likes to be appreciated; she likes to be, if not the most popular girl in her social group, at least one who is always welcome when present and missed when absent. There is not a girl in the world who does not see such a person looking back at her from her mirror. It is you—it is every girl. This girl may have brown skin, or yellow, she may speak with an accent, the ways of America may be strange to her, but in her essential being she is the same girl as the others. And if one of you slights or makes fun of these "different" girls you are actually ridiculing yourself, your own kind, and doing an injustice to all young girlhood. The girl who thinks of the heart and the spirit of this other girl and not of her small outer differences is the one who is thinking right.—SOPHIE KERR

American Brotherhood Week
February 10-23

**HE'S
BACK!**

...in the
most human
heart-
warming
picture
in years.

**The
Return Of
RINTINTIN**

starring
RINTINTIN III
DONALD WOODS
BOBBY BLAKE
Gaylord Pendleton • Claudia Drake
Directed by Max Nosseck
Produced by William Stephens
Released by
Producers Releasing Corporation

Filmed in
all the
**GORGEOUS
COLOR**
of the
valley of the
**California
Missions**

I GOT TO FLY

(Continued from page 56)

that the next time I'd take my solo.

When the big day came, Mother couldn't bear to watch me go up alone. She stayed in the hangar until it was all over. But Dad's as crazy about flying as I am, and he stuck it out.

Before I even got into the plane I was terribly impatient to go up. Then I had to wait fifteen minutes for a light. That was when I began having qualms. I was really sweating it out in the cockpit of the Cub while I waited for the signal. I'd left my shoes at the shoemaker's and couldn't get them back in time, so I was wearing a new pair. They kept slipping off the rudder pedals. I couldn't get the seat cushions comfortable. I thought of a thousand things I should have learned more about and hadn't.

Then, just before I was to take off, the wind key changed. Bob Peck, my instructor, had to climb back into the plane and repeat a new pattern for me. Then—I got the green light!

I guess the most amazing thing was to discover I was flying and Bob wasn't sitting up there in front of me. I was all alone. I saw the controls move, and I realized I was moving them! It was wonderful to be so free, to leave the world behind and wing my way into the clouds!

When Bob waved me in after I'd followed the pattern around once only, I wasn't ready to come back to earth. I felt as if I could have stayed up there forever.

I've got lots to learn yet before I get my pilot's license. But I know that from now on it's the air for me—because I got to fly!

QUIZ ME

How much off-the-record dope do you know? Answer these questions yes or no. Score yourself: 7 to 10 right—you are really jivin'; 4 to 6—better investigate some more; anything below 4, you're a square.

1. Saxophone is a brass instrument.

2. Frank Sinatra was a sports writer at one time.

3. French horn, a symphonic instrument, is not used in dance bands.

4. Dinah Shore is married to Robert Montgomery.

5. Chuck Foster is Tommy Dorsey's vocalist.

6. Guy Lombardo is well known as a speedboat racer.

7. Woody Herman has a special concert band.

8. Johnny Mercer is one of the owners of Capitol records.

9. Vaughn Monroe gads about on motorcycle.

10. Jo Stafford used to vocalize with Tommy Dorsey's band.

(Answers on page 81)



3 out of 5 times Somebody's looking!

Plenty to do when the gang comes to your house . . . last minute tasks like setting up a "coke" bar . . . getting out your latest jive records . . . and three out of five times somebody's looking!

Let 'em look! No matter if you do get a bit flustered . . . Kleinert's Dress Shields will always protect you from tell-tale underarms!

Not a chance of spoiling your pretty dress either. Kleinert's Dress Shields guard it from the triple threat of perspiration, strain, and underarm cosmetics. Ask for them by name, in the size you need, at your favorite notion counter.

Deep Sleeves? Then wear Kleinert's "Bra-form, cute uplift with shields attached



In a rush? Rely on Kleinert's "Pin-in Shields. A minute to pin it'

Oh! Kleinert's! OK!



Kleinert's

GUARANTEED PROTECTION SINCE 1971

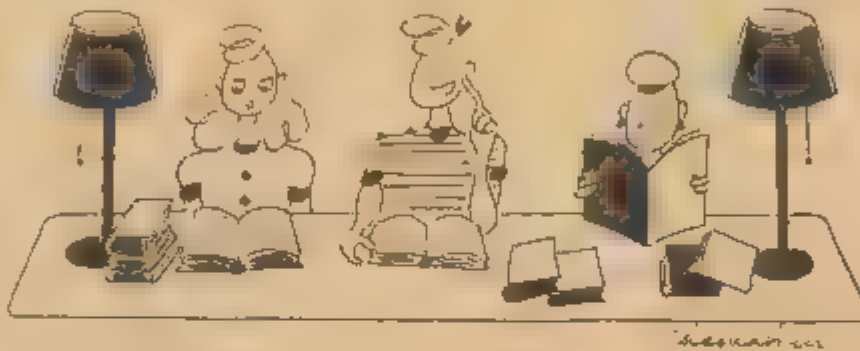
next, and on the right working in, soup spoon, teaspoon, knife. Dessert implements may be brought in with the dessert. Serving spoons have the freedom of the table; they may be placed where they'll be needed. In the home blessed with a maid, the napkin is placed on the plate. Otherwise, and whenever the first course is already on the table when the guests are seated, it is to the left of the fork. Don't put any silver on the table that isn't needed. For instance, if you're serving buttered rolls, you won't need the butter knife across the butter plate. It would only make your guests look around for the butter that isn't there. And keep the centerpiece low so the guests won't have to play peekaboo throughout the meal. If you are the proud owner of long-stemmed roses, put them on a side table.

The buffet-type meal will ever be a boon to the hostess. There's nothing like giving the guests something active to do (like serving themselves) to take the ice out of any gathering. As long as a buffet table is neat and pretty to look at, you don't have to worry about where to place the silver on it. In this

case, it's good business to have a couple of extra forks and knives because the less skillful self-servers may do a bit of dropping. If your dining-room table is large, you can place silver, plates, napkins, and food on it in any artistic manner that suits your fancy. However, if it begins to look crowded, better put the implements on a side table and the food on the main table. A pitcher of milk or punch and glasses might well be on a side table. Have a spot for used dishes so that your guests won't ruin the decor by putting them back on the buffet table. It's not necessary but it's nice to have a few tables around where people can sit to eat—bridge tables, cleared side tables. And you can get attractive but inexpensive sets of small trays to hold plate, silver, cup or glass which are

easy for guests to balance on laps. Sometime in almost every girl's life a little tea must be served. For a private tea at home, she has a choice of two ways to do it. The formal tea is much the same as a meal, with the guests seated round a table set in places. Added to the table are the teapots and cups in front of the hostess. Subtracted is most of the silver. Probably all that would be needed at each setting would be plate, small napkin, spoon, and perhaps a fork or a spoon depending upon the elaborateness of the repast.

The small informal tea is more usual. Then the hostess serves in the living room, and the guests balance their refreshments on their knees as best they can. In the days when teas were more frequent, many homes boasted tea carts, double-decked affairs on which the services and food for the tea were arranged in the kitchen and wheeled into the living room at serving time. If you can't dig up one of these, arrange your tea paraphernalia on a large tray. Here more than ever orderliness is essential, because jumbled silver and badly placed china give an impression



CALLING ALL GIRLS FOR WONDERFUL YOU

You have it—the magazine that is planned, edited and written JUST FOR YOU.

All your interests—your pet likes...the things you love to read about, know about and dream about...fill the pages of your favorite magazine.

It's simply wonderful to be a teenager—and to have a magazine that is devoted to bringing more sparkle and fun to your very gay and interesting young life.

Now that you've seen, read and enjoyed CALLING ALL GIRLS, you know that you can't afford to miss a single issue (perish the thought). Better sign on the dotted line TODAY to receive the next twelve big, fascinating issues. The price? Only \$1.00 a year—or \$2.00 for 2 years.



VARSITY FOR THE BOYS—IT'S NEW!

And now the "men in your life" have a magazine all their own too.

It's VARSITY—it's brand new and completely different! It's going to be to high school and college men what CAG is to you!

The first issue will be out in April with a top-ranking line-up of authors, articles and fiction. There'll be stories of daring adventure; mystery serials, sports roundups; headline personalities; discussions on dating, problems, careers, grooming features on hobbies; cartoons and candid photos...and all the up-to-date happenings in the world of young men.

Get your boy friends and relatives in "on the ground floor" of this new publication. There's a special charter subscription rate of only \$2.00 a year (regular rate \$3.00 a year). Sign 'em up—send 'em in—and rate high with all the boys you know.

PARENTS' MAGAZINE PRESS, Inc.
260 Fourth Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.

CAG 39

Here is \$ _____
magazine(s) checked

Please enter subscription(s) for the

☐ CALLING ALL GIRLS

☐ VARSITY

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY & ZONE _____

STATE _____

Order entered by _____

Address _____

City & Zone _____

State _____

of sloppy confusion that is anything but appetizing. Tea needs are simple so there's room for order: teapot, cups and saucers, spoons and napkins, lemon, cream, sugar, and whatever refreshments you plan to offer. Stick to finger foods at this kind of tea—small sandwiches, tiny cakes or cookies. Then you can eliminate extra plates and silverware. After all, your guests have only so many hands and knees! If possible assign someone to help you serve, so you can pour and your assistant can pass. Otherwise it would take you forever to get everyone served and you would look somewhat like a jack-in-the-box while doing it.

Of course you don't expect very many people at either of these teas. If your class at school or your club wishes to put on a really big affair for your mothers, you arrange your tea as a sort of cross between these smaller varieties. A large table is set with tea service and cups at one end and coffee service and cups at the other. Two of the hostesses are stationed as pourers. Refreshments are arranged buffet-style in between. Of course flowers and candles will grace the table.

Either the guests come to the table to help themselves to refreshments and to be served their beverage or other hostesses circulate to take orders and serve. There is usually a little of both at a big tea.

Be sure someone is appointed to clear used cups from the table and to keep the pourers supplied with clean china and silver and fresh tea and coffee. It's also important here to keep the refreshments simple so your guests can easily wander around to chat with friends. Teas are always supposed to be more conversation than food and service. The geniality will thrive if you keep the tea dainty, if you make it a feast for the eye as well as the taste.

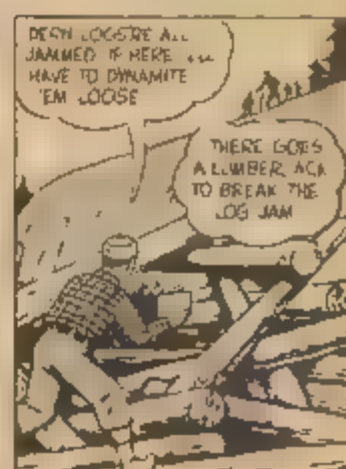
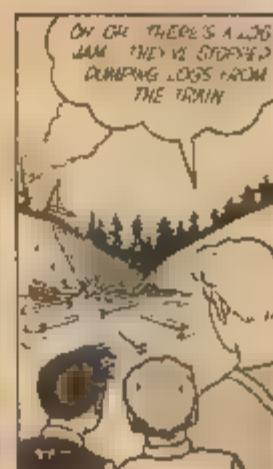
ANSWERS TO MOVIE HIDE-OUTS

We were able to find 38 movie titles in the letter on pages 62 and 63. If you score 35, you're pretty good. If you score 30, you've nothing to worry about. But if you get all 38, are you sure you're not neglecting your studies for Hollywood's dream world?

Open City, Nevada, Laura, What's Buzzin', Cousin, Now It Can Be Told, Breakfast in Hollywood, Captain Fury, I Love a Mystery, Holiday in Mexico, Somewhere in the Night, Missing Lady, Suspense, Passkey to Danger, Corkeyed Miracle, Genies at Work, Crackup, Notorious, Streets of Chance, Shadow of a Doubt, People Are Funny, Cluny Brown, The Postman's Daughter, Blithe Spirit, It's Great to Be Young, Nobody Lives Forever, Vacation in Reno, Rhumba, Sing While You Dance, Slightly Scandalous, Boys' Ranch, Roughly Speaking, It Shouldn't Happen to a Dog, Brief Encounter, Claudia and David, Little Miss Big, Charlie's Aunt, I'll Be Seeing You, Rebecca.

Captain Tootsie and the LOG JAM RESCUE

BY C.C. BECK AND PETER COSTANZA



What's chocolaty, chewy, delicious as the dickens? Tootsie Rolls, natch! And just ee-magine—all that luscious goodness is actually good for you! Yes sure—a Tootsie Roll sends quick energy shoooin' to your muscles so you can jump an' run faster, an' win the games! Tell Mom and Dad better yaf, treat 'em to Tootsie Rolls. They'll be so surprised—maybe they'll keep Tootsie Rolls in the house all the time!

MY SECRET LEGION MEMBERS CARRY TOOTSIE ROLLS ALL THE TIME!

BUY THE BIG JUMBO SIZE TOOTSIE ROLLS!



Gilchrist's



the ANGEL in you

Simply heavenly — Unversitteen CAG Dater, with deeply puff-shirred neckline and sleeve trim, and wonderfully full-flared skirt. Made of Rel-shap, a lovely rayon chanting Rel-tex fabric. Neck and sleeves finished with self piping. Self-material belt leather lined, with metal eyelets. In Angelic Aqua and Digne Rose Pink. Sizes 7-9-11-13-15 — at Gilchrist's heavenly thrifty price of only \$8.95

for mail orders write

Gilchrist's

BOSTON 2, MASS.

QUINCY • WALTHAM • BROCKTON

RECORD RATERS



By LEE MORSE

THE orchestra world is going through a survival-of-the-fittest routine and, as a result, many fine platters are coming your way. It seems as though everyone and his brother are recording, and a few are making history. Of course, there are the fellows who send you, and you are loyal to them, but put your ear to the others, huh?

King Cole Trio—(Capitol) That's the *Beginning of the End* and *She's My Buddy's Chick*. Ah, yes, chillun! Here is another of those exciting King Cole platters. Nat Cole embellishes both sides with his easy-going, almost lullaby-ish manner. Johnny Miller's



Toes begin to tap when the King Cole trio swings into a tantalizing rhythm.

bass and Oscar Moore's guitar provide svelte accompaniment. These boys have done an excellent job of selecting the right platter material for their own swoon style.

Artistry in Rhythm by Stan Kenton and His Orchestra—(Capitol) Come *Back to Sorrento* and *Artistry in Percussion*; *Opus in Pastels* and *Fantasy*; *Safranski* and *Artistry in Bolero*; *Ain't No Misery in Me* and *Willow Weep for Me*. Do you remember last month's column when I told you about the "new" music that was going to arrive? Well, it has arrived with Maestro Kenton's album of *Artistry in Rhythm*. Stan has gathered together one of the finest rhythm dance bands and has offered it to you in some unique music. The eight ten-inch sides blend rich harmonies with a potent rhythm beat. *Come Back to Sorrento* features Vido Musso's mighty tenor sax; *Artistry in Percussion* lets Shelly Mann take the spot at his drums; *Opus in Pastels* stars the five saxophones and no brass; *Fantasy* highlights Stan at the piano, Musso at tenor sax, and Boots Mussulli on alto sax; *Safranski* is by Eddie Safranski, one of the top jazz bass men; *Artistry in Bolero* gives with a Musso solo and Kai Winding on trombone; *Ain't No Misery in Me* and *Willow Weep for Me* feature the vocals of throaty June Christy. Don't let these titles scare you; they are all new, original, and danceable—lovely music. You'll be yelling for more after you've heard these.

Monica Lewis and Ray Bloch's Orchestra—(Signature) *Au Revoir* and *For You, For Me, Forever More*. Monica Lewis has an unusual attachment to Signature Records. She is wed to the company's young, handsome president, Bob Thiele. And Bob is giving Monica a good deal in the production end of her recordings. With all the throaty vocalists around these days, it is indeed a pleasure to listen to the clear, bell-

like chanting of this beautiful gal. *Au Revoir* is a torchy tune, heightening the romantic mood in a soothing way. This tune is Monica's theme song on her evening fifteen-minute radio show. The mate, *For You, For Me, Forever More*, is a popular number in its own right and Miss Lewis adds her solid support. Ray Bloch provides colorful and rhythmic backgrounds for these pleasant ballads.

Tex Beneke and the Glenn Miller Orchestra—(Victor) *Uncle Remus Said* and *Anybody's Love Song*. I can't get over how much Tex Beneke sounds like Johnny Mercer when he chants, and how much he resembles the well-known Dean Murphy, impersonator. Rumors are flying that Tex is going to drop the Glenn Miller insignia in the near future. Tex takes the vocal on this catchy ditty, *Uncle Remus Said* from the new Disney show, "Song of the South." You will be singing this one until you wake up screaming. But it's a "fun" song which the Miller band readily sets to a musical mood. Turn over to *Anybody's Love Song*, one of these so-so ballads that has possibilities. You might take it like crazy or you might toss it off. However, Artie Malvin makes it a platter pleasantry along with the smooth congregation. I like this label. O.K., I'll take three.

Gruenberg Violin Concerto (Opus 47), Jascha Heifetz, Violinist—(Victor Red Seal) Louis Gruenberg, one of the few good American contemporary composers, was commissioned by Mr. Heifetz to write a violin concerto especially for him. And the virtuoso wanted American music. So, in this excellent concerto, you will hear a bit of the Negro spirituals, a part in blues style, some folk-like themes, and some very passionate interludes. Part one is called *Rhapsodic* to be played moderately; second movement to be played with simplicity and warmth; third movement played lively and with good humor; fourth movement, exceedingly fast.

It has been said and seconded that Jascha Heifetz has a perfect violin ear. In other words, every musical note is tune-perfect.

The San Francisco Symphony Orchestra conducted by Pierre Monteux provides an excellent full-bodied accompaniment. This concerto is truly American in style and representative of the vastness of this country, including the emotions of the people from ocean to ocean.

OTHER RECOMMENDED RECORDS

* The stars mark the recommended discs, accompanying titles let you know what's on the reverse sides.

Perry Como—(Victor) * *Sonata* and *Beginning of the End*.

Dan Seymour—(Monarch) * *Story of Fala*.

Johnny Bothwell—(Signature) * *My Old Flame* and *To a Wild Rose*.

Tex Beneke—(Victor) * *Falling Leaves* and *Star Dust*.

Mary Lou Williams—(Victor) * *Humoresque* and * *Waltz Boogie*.

Al Jolson—(Decca) * *Anniversary Song* and *Avolon*.

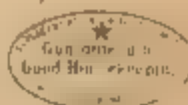
Tony Martin—(Mercury) * *Guilty* and *Dreamland Rendezvous*.

they'll buzz
'round
your head!



Be the first in your crowd to wear story-telling hairbands. Cut ribbon lengths to suit the purpose—sew on buttons that tell a story, like above. *This I'll met her honey (Honey Bee button) on a farm (Style-Grown Vegetables), had a whirlwind courtship (Curlicue) and now strains from Lohengrin are in the air (Cygnet, the wedding-march swan)!* These same buttons are wonderful fashion pick-ups for dresses, too, so get more fashion ideas from La Mode's imaginative buttons...get more jewelry ideas from La Mode's how-to-make-it folder (write us for this, it's free!).

La Mode
BUTTONS



B. Blumenthal & Co., Inc., 1372-82 Broadway, New York 18, N. Y.

Button Specialists Since 1877

When writing to advertisers, please mention **CALLING ALL GIRLS**

Trim
Neat and
Terrific!



\$6.98

Proportioned
Semiteen sizes
10 to 14



No wonder America's fine stores
feature dresses made of Shan-toy! Not
only does this exciting fabric boast
a shantung weave, but best of all,
it's a genuine CHARMETTE fabric.
Shan-toy drapes like a dream, and
though you'll have a crush on
it this all-acetate rayon will not
easily crush on you! In soft,
true colors you'll adore.

CHARMETTE FABRICS CO., INC.
Dept. 12, 469 Seventh Avenue, N. Y. 18

MOVIES that MATTER

Stairway to Heaven—Unic.-Int.

This is a love story—and though the stars and the moon and several assorted worlds, both real and imaginary, are mixed up in it in clever fashion, it is the love story you'll enjoy most. It's decidedly off the beaten track, for the hero and heroine fall in love with each other's voices in the last few terrible minutes before he jumps out of his burning plane over the English Channel. He is RAF Squadron Leader Peter Carter (David Niven) and she an American WAC (Kim Hunter), wireless operator at a near-by base. Peter doesn't expect to survive because his parachute has been shot away—so his farewells, his last outgoing love are for the girl who sends him courage and warm friendliness over the air. He jumps, and shortly there is consternation in Heaven. Peter, though scheduled to arrive in the Other World, doesn't appear. The conductor who was to bring him in, a French dandy who had lost his head in the French Revolution, traces him to the British coast. But Peter refuses to go along up the heavenly stairs, stoutly maintaining that he is in love and so must live, and since the error wasn't his, it is up to Heaven to give him another chance. Into this confusion the girl brings her sweet reasonableness, and also the services of an eminent neurologist (Roger Livesey) who has an explanation other than Peter's own for the visits of the heavenly conductor. There is charm and imagination in the film, along with a bit of heavy-handed stuff about what Americans don't like about the English and vice versa; the story and the acting are tops.

The Secret Heart—MGM

This film had a good idea but it got lost in a weak screen play. The actors try valiantly to make the story click, and when we tell you that such skilled performers as Claudette Colbert, Walter Pidgeon, and June Allyson are almost defeated by it, you'll see what we mean by an ailing script. Pert, healthy, heart-faced June is supposed to be a case for a psychiatrist, and at one point she attempts suicide, but you never really believe she is anything but the fun-loving girl of her musical comedies. Claudette Colbert is June's stepmother; portraying a wealthy widow, she wears marvelous clothes. But the real reason we're telling you about the picture is Robert Sterling, who plays June's brother. In case you wonder where he has been all your life, we'll tell you—in the Air Forces. Marshall Thompson is another of your favor-

ites who comes into the plot after the psychiatric problems have been resolved. There is some good piano music, too. In fact, maybe we'd better add up the score again!

My Brother Talks to Horses M.G.M.

The "My" is Peter Lawford and the "Brother" is Jackie (Butch) Jenkins, and the horses are blue-blooded racers who tell Butch which one of them is going to win. At least Butch thinks they do, and at his tender age it's easier to believe the lovely things your imagination tells you than the harsh things you're beginning to find out about the grown-up world. However, you probably won't be as interested in Butch and his troubles as you'll be in Peter Lawford and his. Peter is a bank clerk in Baltimore in the days when bank employees couldn't even be seen taking a streetcar ride on Sunday for fear it would reflect on the bank's soundness. So Peter appears to be pretty much of a stuffed shirt until the end of the picture when he literally pushes out his chest and pops all the buttons on said shirt. Peter has love troubles, too, because after saving up for years to marry Beverly Tyler, his schoolteacher fiancée, he squanders the whole four hundred dollars on a horse that is dead before he can claim it. The costumes of 1900 are amusing and authentic to the last pin tuck.

Sweetheart of Sigma Chi Monogram

Elyse Knox and Ross Hunter play hard-to-get in this gay musical, with Frankie Carle's band to keep the tempo fast.

Elyse is the most popular girl on the campus, so she can't understand it at all when ex-Air Forces Colonel Ross Hunter seems to disagree with the fraternity's verdict. Of course Ross falls for her before the last musical note is sounded. Incidentally, a real Sweetheart of Sigma Chi, nineteen-year-old Marjorie Hoerner, makes her debut in this film. Marjorie was voted Sweetheart by U.S.C., where she is an advertising major. To get back to the movie—there's a very exciting crew race, with Tom Harmon playing racing coach. There are a couple of gamblers who try to have the big race "fixed" but they get what's coming to them—a good heave-ho into the lake.

Slim Gaillard's Trio sings boogie-woogie as if they'd invented it, and Phil Brito's rich, mellow voice is pleasant to hear. Nothing important here, folks, but step right up and have yourselves a time.

Selected by
ELIZABETH NICHOLS
Movie Editor

LOVE LAUGHS AT ANDY HARDY (right) brings back Mickey Rooney, who may not make you swoon, but he's a knock-out comedian. Bonita Granville is the girl Andy dreamed about when he was doing his stint in the Army. But Bonita greets him with one of those big-sisterly handshakes which indicate a rival lurking in the background. Andy proves he is a good sport when he is teamed with a six-foot girl for the Frosh dance. (MGM)

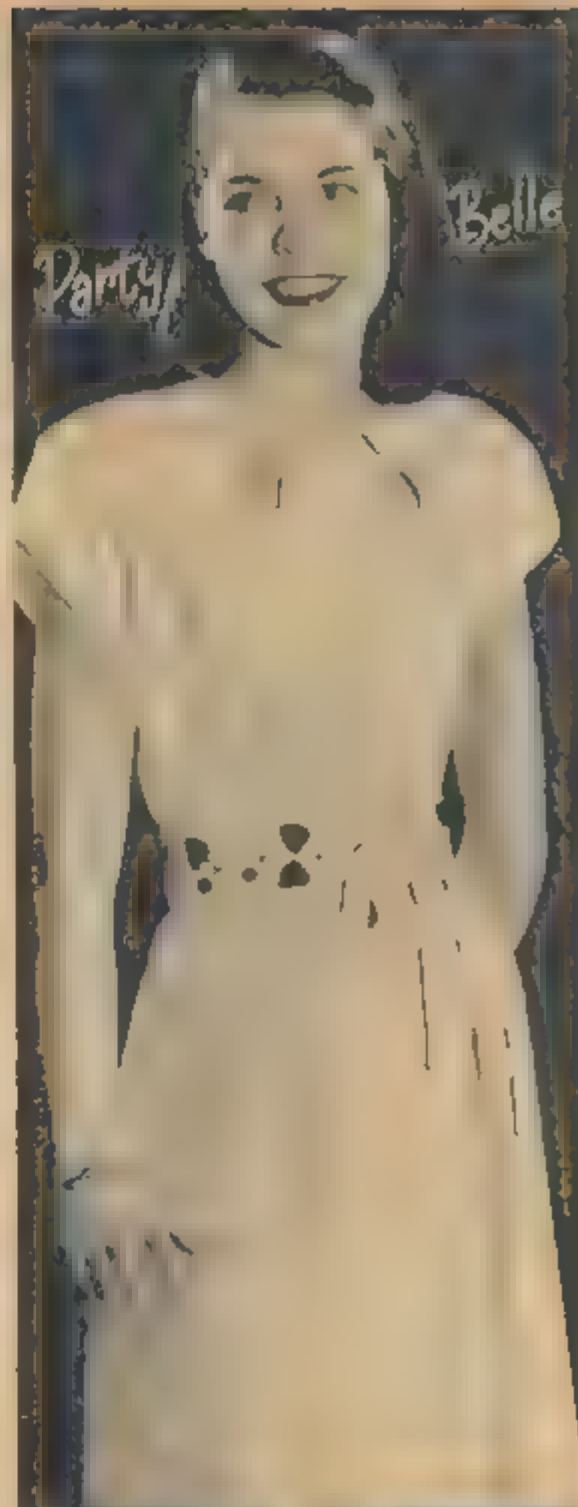


13 RUE MADELEINE (left) uses plain typewriter type, enlarged on the screen, for the cast and credits. That gives you an idea of the film's unadorned treatment of the training and performance of Army Intelligence in the war. There isn't even the suggestion of a romance—for one thing, it is obvious that there wasn't time for making friendships in the dedicated, hazardous lives the operatives led. And it was dangerous, too, for no secret agent dared confide in another, since too often a Nazi spy slipped into the training classes. Richard Conte, Annabella, and Frank Latimore were in the same group, but their objectives were far apart. (20th C-Fox)



THE BEST YEARS OF OUR LIVES (left) has many superior qualities—honesty, deep humanity, extraordinarily good performances—but you will treasure most the heart-breaking love story of Homer and Wilma. Homer is played by ex-paratrooper Harold Russell, who lost both hands in the war. His own sincerity shines through the character, for it was a splendid thing for Mr. Russell to share with other handicapped veterans his determination to rise above his disability and live a full life. Cathy O'Donnell is Wilma, a charming girl, as real as yourself. (Goldwyn-RKO)

STAIRWAY TO HEAVEN (below) is the first film to be shown at a British Command Performance. See review on opposite page



Fill in
Store Name
Store Address
Send me your Party Belle dress at \$10.95
Size Color Second Color Choice
I enclose 15c extra for postage
My name
My address

MAYOR MARTIN'S

REVENUE

(Continued from page 43)

"I must say you all look more like human beings now." Aunt Agatha came in from the kitchen, settled herself in the armchair, and picked up her knitting. "Don't spoil your supper now," she warned.

Connie's blue eyes glowed happily as she listened to the click of the needles and gazed into the crackling fire. It was a nice feeling, she thought to herself, to be sitting inside, cozy and warm, while wind and rain raged outside. It wasn't often that she and the gang had quiet, peaceful times like this. They were moments to remember always.

Suddenly Peggy sat bolt upright. "What's that?" she asked sharply.

Stub groaned. "Does it have to be anything? And I was just getting comfortable, too."

"It's probably the ghost of that author who rented this place one summer," Cap put in. "He's come back to haunt us because Connie took him for a criminal."

Connie paid no attention to him. She was sitting cross-legged, her eyes closed and her red head cocked on one side.

Cap stared at her. "Hey, Connie. Come out of the trance. You're acting like the daughter of an Indian rajah, rather than a mayor's."

"Ssh," Connie frowned. "Peg's right. Somebody's on the front porch."

Aunt Agatha got to her feet. "We'll just find out who it is, then," she announced firmly.

As she strode across the room to the hall, the sounds outside grew louder, as if something were bumping up the steps. Just as she reached the door, something thumped against it hard. Aunt Agatha hesitated, her hand halfway to the doorknob.

Connie moved up behind her. Who was out there, she wondered, and why? All kinds of misgivings flashed through her mind. Here they were, three miles from the nearest neighbor, and with a storm raging outside. She glanced back into the living room. Peggy and the boys were on their feet, waiting. Connie found herself wishing that Peggy's aunt lived closer to Central City. She turned back to the door.

Aunt Agatha's fingers curled around the doorknob. She opened the door with a yank, and a man fell into the hallway. Connie stifled a gasp of dismay as Aunt Agatha pushed the door back and knelt beside the man's inert body. His clothes were torn and muddy. His face and hands were cut and bleeding. One shoe was gone and the leg was badly swollen.

Aunt Agatha looked up, her lips tight. "Peggy, phone for a doctor. Connie, get the smelling salts off my dresser. You boys carry him to the sofa."

When Connie got back with the

When writing to advertisers, please mention **CALLING ALL GIRLS**.



Le Roi socks are snug smoothies . . . in attractive patterns . . . lush colors. They're well-made, washable—and how they wear! For store nearest to you write

LE ROI HOSIERY CO., Inc.
200 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK



CHECKERS

by Jaunty Jil

Open-crown rayon taffeta pillbox 3.00

The belt can be worn as a scarf . . . 3.00

Adorable over shoulder saddle-bag 3.00

(Bag, plus 20% tax)

(It in black and white)

At your favorite store or write

R. ENGLANDER

917 Commerce • Dallas, Texas

Dramatic waistline by Stelzer



STELZER BELT, N.Y.C.

smelling salts, the man was lying on the sofa. His eyes were open and he was fighting to get his words out.

"An accident," he gasped. "A collision—up the highway." His eyelids fluttered and Connie held the smelling salts under his nose. "I was lucky," he continued faintly. "Went into a tree. The other car—over the cliff."

"Over the cliff!" Connie felt the blood drain from her face. "They must have been killed."

The man shook his head. "They're alive," he said clearly. "Someone was calling for help. Saw the lights—dragged myself here. My leg..." His voice faded away into a groan.

Cap came in with a washcloth and a basin of water. Aunt Agatha began washing the blood from the man's face.

"Aunt Agatha," Peggy stood behind Connie, her lips trembling. "The phone's dead. The storm, I guess."

Aunt Agatha nodded firmly. "One of you will have to drive to Mr. Jonathan's for help. You can phone from there."

"I'll take the jalopy," Stub offered. "It's only three miles, isn't it?"

"I'll show you the way," Peggy said quickly.

Cap turned to Stub. "You and Peg drop Connie and me at the highway. We'll take blankets and water and bandages. We can lower the things in a clothesbasket." He scratched his head, thinking fast. "And we'll need some good, strong rope. One of us will have to climb down to help."

Connie's heart sank. She picked up the washcloth and swabbed the man's face. Peggy and Aunt Agatha dug out blankets, bandages and basket. Connie nodded to Aunt Agatha's pleas to be careful and followed Cap to the jalopy which Stub had backed out of the garage.

"Whew!" whistled Stub as he pulled up on the highway. "Get a load of that!" He indicated the wreck of a car, crumpled up like an accordion against a tree.

Connie and Cap climbed out of the car and unloaded the supplies. The marks of tires on the wet road made it easy for them to see where the other car had skidded over the cliff.

"We'll be back with help as soon as we can," promised Peggy. The jalopy jerked forward and rattled up the road.

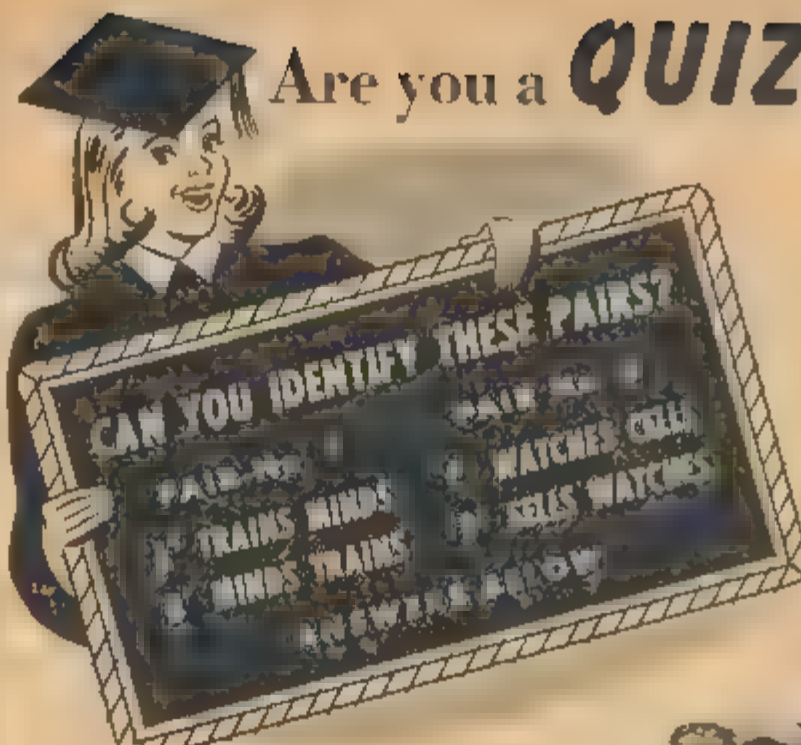
Connie marched to the edge of the cliff beside Cap, who was carrying the basket. When he had set the basket down she clutched his arm to steady herself. Then she looked down. The other car had landed on a ledge. Connie shuddered. Except for the ledge, the people in that car wouldn't have had a chance.

"Hello, down there!" Cap's voice was picked up by the wind and magnified until it seemed to boom out in the stillness around them.

A man's voice responded weakly. "Get a doctor, an ambulance."

"They're on the way," Connie shouted back. "We've got blankets

Are you a **QUIZ-WHIZ?**



RED GOOSE SHOES

"HALF THE FUN OF HAVING FEET"

Any Smart Girl can identify THIS PAIR

We style them for wear.
You wear them for style.
They are lasted to fit and fitted to last.

ANSWERS: 1A An instructor 1B-A railroad watchman 2C A roller 2D A jeweler



Red Goose Shoes

RED GOOSE DIVISION • INTERNATIONAL SHOE COMPANY ST. LOUIS



HANDKERCHIEF CASE



Your hankies are a pretty sight... and stay so neat and fresh when in a Burmel Hankie case that's as easy as pie to make. To learn how to make this and other trix too, just send today for your FREE copy of Hankie Trix #5.

Hankie Trix
By
Burmel

385 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

Candy Perkins
originals
BERK-TOGS



Oh wonderfully tailored you—in this Candy Perkins suit! All wool, Shetland-type American Woolen fabric. Gentlemanly cutaway jacket, fully lined. Frisky butterfly lapels—slick, slit skirt.

Sizes 10 to 16. Around \$18

Write for the name of the nearest store that sells it.

BERK TOGS INC.
589 Eighth Ave., N. Y. C.

and bandages and things. To be served up in a basket." As she reached for an end of rope to tie to the handle, Cap's eyes met hers. He was tying one end of another piece of rope around a tree and looping it in a firm knot.

"Learned that from my cousin in the Navy," he informed her proudly. "We'll toss the other end over the cliff, so I can slide down. You can lower the basket."

Connie's eyes dropped under Cap's steady gaze. "Does he guess?" she wondered. "Does he know what a coward I really am?"

If he did, Cap gave no sign. He tossed the rope over the side. It hit the ledge and hung limply.

"You go on down, Cap," Connie said lightly. "I hope you feel more like a monkey than I do."

"Comes natcherly." Cap gripped the rope with his hands and swung his body over the side of the cliff.

Connie watched fascinated as he lowered himself down the rope, hand under hand, his feet braced almost at right angles against the sharp incline of the cliff. The wind tossed the rope back and forth, and Cap swayed with it. What if he should slip, what if he should lose his grasp on the rope? Connie clenched her fists and her nails dug into the palms of her hands.

At last a shout came from Cap. He was safe, standing on the ledge and waving to her.

Connie waved back, then hauled up the rope, pulled it through the two handles of the basket, and knotted it firmly. She lowered it over the side and watched it as it swung through the air until it reached the ledge. Cap set it down and unpacked the blankets and water. Laden with blankets, he disappeared into the shadows around the wrecked car. For a long time, nothing happened. Connie fidgeted and paced up and down at the top of the cliff. Then she heard the angry wailing of a baby. She stopped abruptly.

"Jumping jeeppers!" Cap was back on the near side of the car where she could see him. "There's a baby down here. You'd better come down, Connie. I can handle the man and the woman all right, but the kid's acting up."

"What's wrong with him?"

"How do I know?" Cap sounded frantic. "He looks all right, but listen to him."

Connie peered nervously up the highway. If only Peggy and Stub would come back, she could bow out of this mess without letting Cap know what a sissy she was about going down the cliff. But the road stretched on endlessly, not a car in sight.

Connie turned desperately back to Cap. "Did you pick him up?" she shouted.

"Yesh, but he keeps on shrieking. You've gotta come down, Connie," Cap pleaded. "I don't know anything about babies."

Elegant belts really are.



about \$4.50

an

Elegant
BELT CREATION

By ELEGANT LEATHER GOODS, INC.
6 East 32nd Street—New York 16



TOPS IN TAPS

... professional type tap shoe, designed especially for you. Black patent or white leather, toe taps included. Children's, misses' and girls' sizes, medium widths.



At fine stores,
write us, we'll
tell you where

Dept. B, 166 N. 3rd St., Columbus, Ohio

In spite of herself, Connie had to smile. Poor Cap. There were times when he was as helpless as a baby himself. She bit her lip hard and tried to fancy herself dangling from a rope in mid-air. Panic rose up inside her. "Cap," she called, swallowing her pride with one big gulp. "I . . ." She broke off, listening intently. Yes, it was. A car was speeding down the highway. "Wait a sec, Cap. I think Peg and Stub are coming back."

But it wasn't Peggy and Stub. The car pulled up on the side of the road, and a little, fat, round man bounced out.

"I'm Jonathan." He shook Connie's hand vigorously. "You must be Connie. My phone was knocked out, too, so Stub and Peg went on to Central City for help." He took off his hat and scratched his bald head. "What goes on here?"

Connie explained briefly. "And somebody's got to go down there and rescue Cap from a squalling baby," she finished lamely. It was a cinch Mr. Jonathan's proportions weren't made for shinnying down ropes. "Looks like I'm elected."

"Scared?" he asked kindly.

"Uh-huh."

Mr. Jonathan beamed. "I'll tell you what, Connie," he said understandingly, "you walk over to that rope and turn around facing me. And keep your eyes on me. All the way down, keep looking at me, and you won't even know about the height until you're safe on the ledge."

Connie clamped her teeth together to keep them from chattering. "All right," she decided. "Let's go."

Before she knew it, she was over the side, and her hands were moving down the rope, one under the other, and her feet braced against the side of the cliff. At first, she was so busy concentrating on her hands that there wasn't room for any other thoughts. Her eyes were glued to Mr. Jonathan's fat, jovial face, and she drew courage from his smile. Left hand under right, right under left. This was all there was, and it was going on forever. For a moment, she forgot Mr. Jonathan and glanced down. Instantly the whole world turned upside down, and her heart pounded. Connie shut her eyes and clung to the rope, swaying back and forth.

"I mustn't faint," she said over and over again. "I mustn't faint."

"Connie, look up!" Mr. Jonathan's sharp warning cut through the haze of dizziness.

With an effort, Connie raised her head and her lips curved into a crooked smile. She clenched her teeth and started all over again, hand under hand. In spite of the cold wind, little beads of perspiration stood out on her forehead and rolled down her cheeks. Tears ached behind her eyelids. And then finally she was standing upright, and Cap's arm was around her waist. She

Miss
CoroTeen says

Petite N' Sweet



Gold finished metal
About \$1.00
plus federal tax
At your favorite store.

You'll want to be the first of your crowd to own and wear this exciting pin. Smart, new, different and definitely rave material.

Coro

INC. NEW YORK • CHICAGO • LOS ANGELES • SAN FRANCISCO • TORONTO • LONDON



Coro
TEENS

Teen Town's
"Pandora Pouch Box"

Pretty practical as can be — a pouch-box

that you can sling over your shoulder. And it's full of surprises — just spring the clasp and you will see a

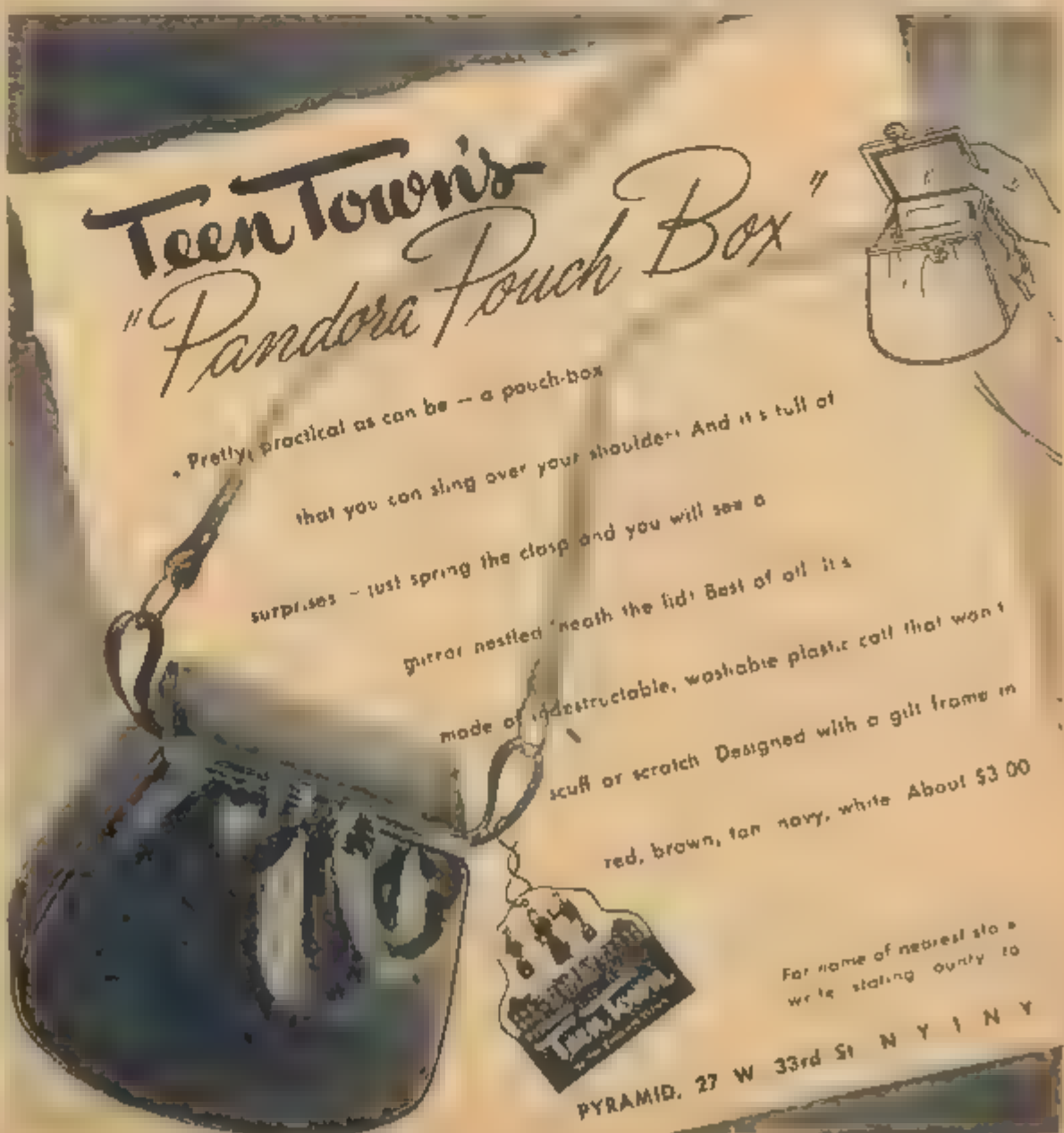
guitar nestled 'neath the lid! Best of all it's

made of indestructible, washable plastic with a gilt frame in

red, brown, tan, navy, white. About \$3.00

For name of nearest store write stating county to

PYRAMID, 27 W 33rd St N Y N Y



When writing to advertisers, please mention CALLING ALL GIRLS



Don't make like an OSTRICH!

WANT to be called a "dreamy" girl?

Then come out of hiding and try this simple glamour test today. Takes

two seconds to spread Rose Laird Protective Make-up Film over your skin. But what a difference!

Try it on one side of your face first, then compare. See the way tiny blemishes are covered up! Look at that smooth, natural finish. What's more it's good for your skin



1.00

(includes tax and postage)

ORDER BY MAIL

Special Glamour Test Size
Rose Laird Protective Make-up Film
Fair Skin ☐ Medium ☐ Suntan ☐

Name _____
Address _____

ROSE LAIRD

SALON: 785 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK 22, N. Y.

lurched against him, grateful for something strong to hold on to.

"For Pete's sake, Connie," he exploded, "don't pass out now." He held her tightly for a moment, until the baby's wail rang out loudly. "Please, Connie, do something about that kid."

"All right, Cap," she murmured weakly. "Where is he?"

"In the laundry basket." Cap led the way across the ledge to the car. "He was bouncing around so much, I was afraid he'd fall off the ledge." He side-stepped the blanket-covered figures of a man and a woman lying on the ground. The woman's eyes were swollen shut and turning black and blue. The man was staring straight ahead, his face drained of color.

"Are they all right, Cap?" Connie whispered. "Is there anything I can do for them?"

"I think they'll be all right. They were lucky, I guess," Cap hissed in Connie's ear. "Both of them were thrown clear. They're pretty banged up, though. It got him in the legs and her in the shoulder, but at least they're alive. The baby came through without a scratch. Landed on a pile of pillows at the bottom of the car."

Connie leaned over the clothesbasket and began to coo at the baby. The baby kept on screaming; then he looked back at her and made little sucking noises with his lips.

"Why, he's hungry," Connie exclaimed indignantly. "Why didn't you give him some water?"

"How am I supposed to know? Mental telepathy?" Cap reached for the bottle, poured some water into a small cup he unscrewed from the top, and handed it meekly to Connie. She picked up the baby, and held the cup to his lips.

"It's not what you want," she intoned softly, "but it will have to do for a while."

The baby dribbled water contentedly down his chin for a while, then rested his head on Connie's shoulder and promptly went to sleep.

"Can you beat that!" Cap stared in disbelief. "And I thought the little devil was dying, at least."

Connie laughed. "Just like a man," she teased.

"What's up down there?"

Connie and Cap jerked their heads upward. People were running back and forth at the top of the cliff, looking down and calling to them. A slim man in a white coat swung over the edge and came easily down the rope. Another followed. They questioned Connie and Cap briefly, examined the injured couple. One of them cupped his hands around his mouth like a megaphone.

"Send down the canvas sheets," he ordered.

Everything happened so quickly after that that Connie felt as if she had been thrust into the middle of a trapeze act at the circus. Ropes and pulleys and canvas sheets tumbled

AMERICAN TEENAGERS' FAVORITE SHOES

order by mail
Now



The FLUFF

Couldn't be better for classes and perfect dreams for dates! Janis Originals are favorites 'cause they get around so smartly

Red elk • White elk
Tan elk with white elk trim
Red elk with white elk trim



\$5

WE
PAY
POSTAGE

Janis originals

103 N. 12th STREET

SAINT LOUIS 1, MO

MAKE YOUR OWN! STATUETTES ★ CUTOUTS ★ PINS

with the new and exciting

MOVIE STAR CUT-O-GRAPHS

Glamorous, Glossy Photos
Easy-to-do instructions

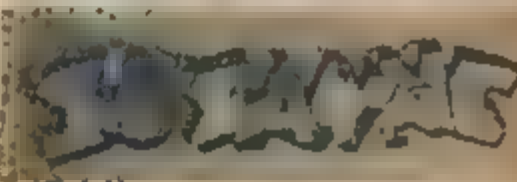
8 Glossy Photo Cut-O-Graphs 35c
Different Poses of each star
Special 3 Sets for \$1.00



Van Johnson
M G M Star

Order your favorite stars today! State 2nd choice!

HOLLYWOOD PHOTOS • Sept. 2-9
4-10-202-64 • JAMAICA 17 N. Y.



and PERSONALIZE
YOUR COSTUMES!

Your name, nickname or your initials made for you personally—in beautiful, transparent plastic.

Only
\$2.00
postpaid

Edges of pin
enameled in
• RED • BLUE
• YELLOW
• GREEN

MASTER NOVELTY CO.

Box 1085
Manitou Springs, Colorado

Name _____

Address _____

Town _____

Name on pin _____

Please Print

Edges
color

led down to them in swift succession. The man and then the woman were lifted onto a sheet and raised slowly to the top of the cliff. Connie followed with the baby in her arms.

"Just like a magic carpet," she called to Cap from mid-air.

Cap and the internes came up last. They tied ropes around their waists, and Mr. Jonathan helped pull them.

Peggy and Stub greeted them excitedly at the top. All four stood while the ambulances got under way. Mr. Jonathan went ahead in his car to lead the way to Aunt Patha's house, where the ambulances were to pick up the other man.

Walking back toward the jalopy, Peggy fell into step beside Stub. "You know, you're more talented than I thought," she told him soberly. "Nobody else ever made that jalopy hit fifty miles an hour before."

"It was very simple, Peg." Stub was being carefully literal. "All you have to do is push the gas pedal right down to the floor and keep it there."

Connie laughed and linked arms with Cap. They strolled after the other two.

"I was ashamed to tell you, Cap," Connie confessed in a very small voice, "but I was scared to death to come down that rope."

Cap grinned into her eyes. "I knew you were," he told her gently, "but I knew you'd come down, too."

"How did you know, Cap?"

"Aw, I don't know. Faith or something."

"In me?" Connie's eyes widened in surprise.

"Sure." Cap said it gruffly, but his fingers pressed her hand. "You always come through in a pinch."

"For gosh sakes!" Connie's cheeks reddened with pleasure. "And I never thought you saw any deeper than my beautiful blue eyes."



Belmo Jibes with Jive!

A drape shape with a rest

pleat... that's BELMO'S new bell-top bag!

Room-ond-to-spore for all your date bait...

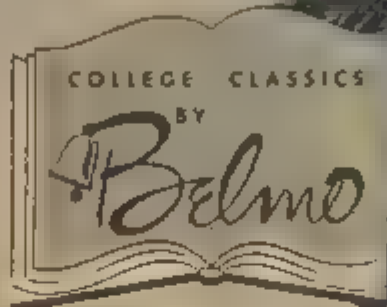
smartness to spare for your new spring frock!

In a leather-grained plastic that

keeps its beauty longer than real

leather! Green, red, tan, navy, brown.

About \$3.00 Plus 20% Tax.



For name of nearest store, write

(no mail orders, please)

BELT-MODES, INC.

1 East 33rd Street, New York 16



"GLAMOUR DATE"

Wear it when you yearn to look your most alluring!

Hug-me-tight, longer waistline, wide, patent

leather front, double-tab belt. Swirling, full,

F U-L-L skirt, pleated all 'round.

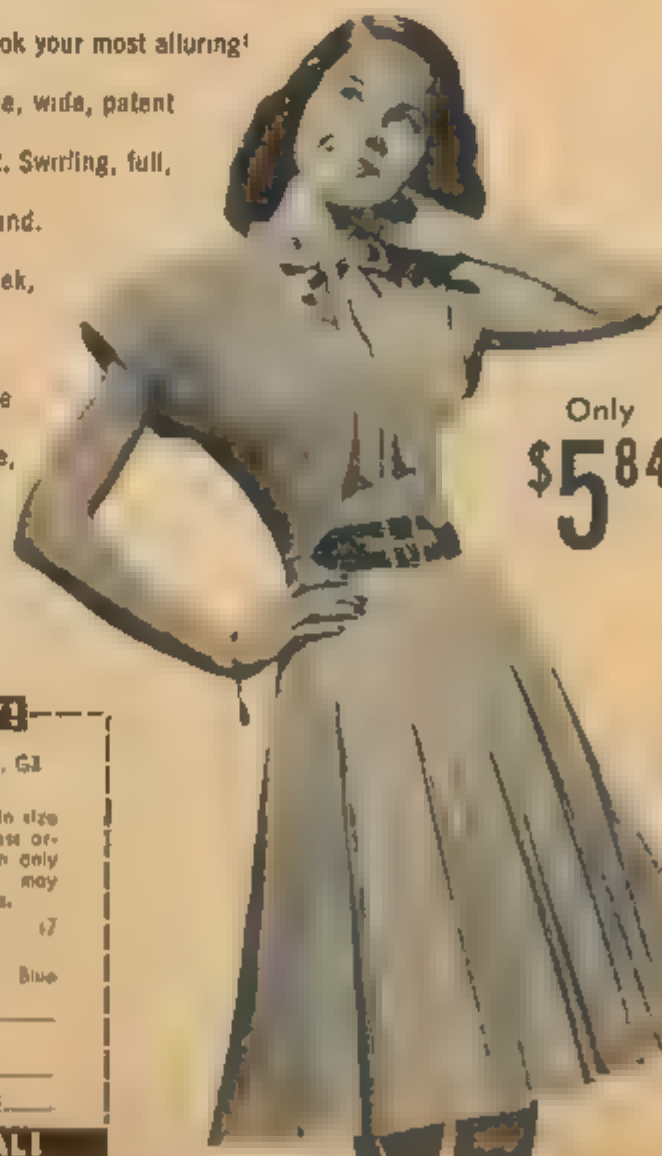
Sensational at this price! Sleek,

smooth rayon with keyhole

neckline outlined in expensive

daisy lace. Melon, chartreuse,

aqua, blue. 9 to 17.



Only
\$5.84

SEND NO MONEY!

BROADWAY FASHIONS, Dept. G1
275 Seventh Ave., New York, N. Y.

Send "Glamour Date" on approval, in size and color checked below. When dress arrives by return mail, I'll pay postman only \$5.84 plus postage. If not delighted, may return dress for refund within 10 days.

Circle size: 9 11 13 15 17

Mark first and second color choices:
Melon Chartreuse Aqua Blue

NAME _____
(Please print plainly!)

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

SENT ON APPROVAL!

CAG MODEL IN HOLLYWOOD

(Continued from page 41)

we had to rehearse several times in front of the camera. At last they began the test. We said only a few lines at a time while they made various shots. Finally the director called, "Print it!"

The printed test was sent to the coast in March of 1946, and it was four long weeks before we heard from the studio. I couldn't make up my mind about it at all—one day I wanted them to like me, and the next day I hoped they wouldn't. New York had been so good to me that I hated to leave. However, word finally came; they liked my test and wanted Mother and me to leave for the coast as soon as possible.

Mother and I reported to the studio in Culver City where we registered and were given our passes. Then we were taken to the schoolhouse to meet the principal and some of the pupils. Butch Jenkins was there, looking the same as he does in pictures, and we met Margaret O'Brien, who is even prettier off the screen than on.

The following day I was invited to lunch by a nice lady I'd met on the lot. When I went into her office, I found she had another visitor. Sitting at a desk was Van Johnson, who had borrowed the office to answer fan mail! I couldn't believe my eyes at first, and must have looked a little startled. But he just grinned that wonderful grin, introduced himself, and soon we were chatting like old friends. Before I left, he gave me a picture inscribed "To Anne Francis, Good Luck Always, Your friend, Van..."

In the commissary I saw a lot of familiar faces—Spencer Tracy, Gene Kelly, Gloria DeHaven, Lana Turner, Peter Lawford, and others. I'm afraid I didn't eat very much. I was looking around so hard. A few days later, I had lunch with Jane Powell. While we were eating, a photographer came along and took a picture of us.

Since I'm under eighteen, I can be at the studio only nine hours a day, including one hour for lunch. I must be finished and off the lot by six o'clock. During the school term, three hours a day must be allotted for lessons in the schoolhouse or on the set. I began practically as soon as I arrived. It was quite hard at first, going to school between takes, but imagine having such glamour people for classmates!

After lessons, I worked with the dramatic coach in preparation for another, more elaborate, screen test. This test was made the day after school closed.

Lots of people were on hand to help. In addition to the technicians, there was a girl from wardrobe standing by in case my dress needed adjusting, a hairdresser who fixed my hair just before the picture was



HAT and BAG SET styled in hand woven straw imported from romantic Madagascar. Delivers to your pretty head and the matching shoulder-strap bag is jumbo size. See "Sweet Sue" in natural color straw trimmed with maize, brown, aqua, copan, grey, beige, red or navy. About \$5.50

At Leading Teen Dept. or Write

HARRY WEISS CO.
4 W. 37th St., New York 18, N. Y.

SMART GIRLS WEAR

MAYEDA GIFT SHOP, LTD.



**The ideal slip
for a slip of a girl**

'Cause it's scientifically cut and proportioned especially for your teen-age figure. 'Cause it has bias-cut center panels front and back to disguise a too-round tummy, a protruding derriere; 'Cause it has straight-cut side panels to make the most of your tiny waist and young curves. BL R-MFL rayon crepe; shell pink and white. Sizes 10 to 16, and about \$3.50 at all fine stores.

JOSIE LINGERIE

A corporation • 350 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

it, and a man from make-up to powder my nose when it became rainy. Most fascinating of all was the "greenman" who kept moving inches around for shadow effects. A nice thing about a production test is that you have a stand-in. She's really a great help. She stands still while the electricians and cameramen get ready; then you step in for the actual take.

There were three reasons to celebrate the day school ended. Daddy came out to spend his vacation with us. School was over for the term. I had a call to see Mr. Rouben Mamoulian, one of the top MGM directors. Mr. Mamoulian said he had seen my New York test and liked it very much, so I was given a bit part in "Summer Holiday," the MGM version of "Ah, Wilderness!" I have the role of Elsie Rand, the sweetheart of Mickey Rooney's kid brother, Arthur. The script describes Elsie as "a correct, pretty-looking girl of about eighteen." I sit with the family for Mickey's graduation, and then go off with Arthur in the carriage.

Working in a costume picture has certainly made me grateful for the styles of today. "Summer Holiday" is set in 1904, and I had to wear high-necked dresses and layers upon layers of petticoats, which would certainly be a nuisance to a modern miss. Believe me, now I can turn the fashion pages of **CALLING ALL GIRLS** with more appreciation than ever!

It's true, my first screen role is very small, but it's a beginning. I had a small part in "This Time for Keeps" with Jimmy Durante, and I'm looking forward to playing in Elizabeth Taylor's new picture. Each role I play teaches me more about the movie business, and there certainly is a lot to learn.

ANSWERS TO "QUIZ ME"

(Questions on page 77)

1. No. Saxophone is a wind instrument.
2. No. The stories go that Frank was a sports writer, but the *Jersey Observer* says he was only a copy boy.
3. Yes. Elliot Lawrence, Claude Thornhill, and Benny Goodman use a French horn.
4. No. Dinah is wed to George Montgomery.
5. No. Stuart Foster is T.D.'s vocalist. Chuck Foster is a band leader.
6. Yes. He holds many speed records.
7. No. Woody uses his same band when he plays concerts.
8. Yes.
9. Yes. Vaughn Monroe's favorite hobby is motorcycling.
10. Yes. Tommy Dorsey's band was the steppingstone for many of our present-day singers.

DEW DROP

Answer
PLAY TOPPER

In the new
PLATINUM
Finish

That comfortable, care-free beret that's newer than new . . . keener than keen! Wear it for your important dates... wear it for school and sports . . . for wherever you want to create a stir . . . and that's everywhere and everytime! Get a few of them in colors that are a painter's dream . . . because the family's sure to stage a sneak raid on your "hat-robe" when they see "Dew Drop" with its soft, silky finish.

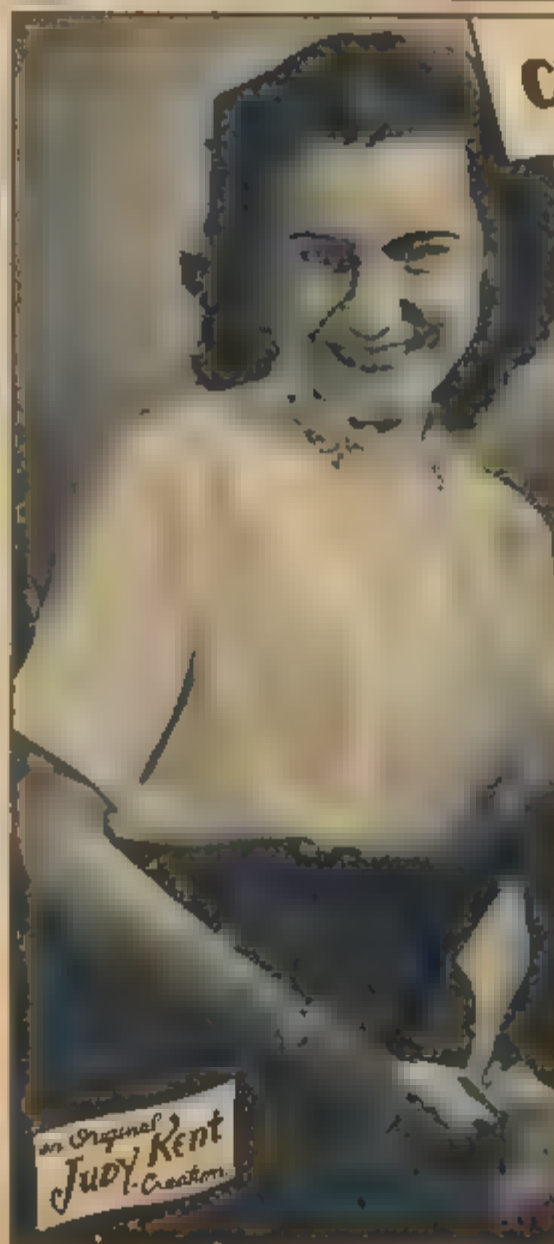
"Dew Drop" retails at \$2.
White, Yellow, and Cameo Pink,
slightly higher.

For the name of the store that sells
Dew Drop in your city, write



SALFAIR

65 WEST 39th STREET
NEW YORK CITY



CROWLEY'S

Detroit 26,
Michigan

Judy Kent Blouse

Double-Dealer with Date Appeal

\$3.95

Beau charmer and a skirt flatterer. A honey of a blouse in white rayon crepe with charming lace yoke. Perfect with your new spring suits. Sizes 10 to 16.

Fashion Photograph
by Preston Sweet

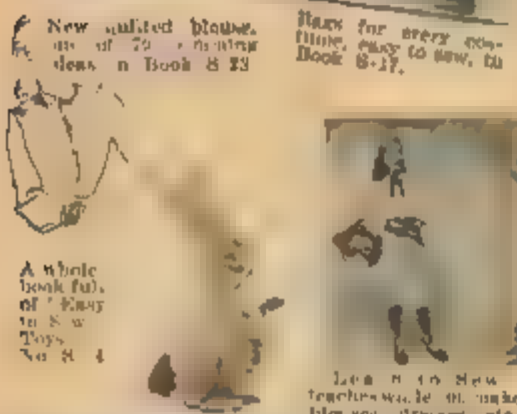
CROWLEY'S		Detroit 26, Michigan	
Gretchen at Monroe			
Send me _____ Judy Kent Blouse \$3.95			
Size _____		I enclose ☐ Check ☐ M. O.	
Name _____			
Street _____			
City _____		State _____	
Postage Prepaid by Crowley's			

SEW YOUR OWN HATS, BLOUSES, SUITS, BAGS, GIFTS!

Make spring handbags, the newest wide belts, fascinating accessories, unusual gifts, newest decorations for your room. Tailor your suits and coats like a professional! Do new, different trimmings that MAKE your costumes. Clear directions, easy illustrated steps in 10-cent books listed.



Only Teen Ideas has 28 pages of wonderful hats, bags, accessories in Book 8-0



New quilted blouse, one of 20 new ideas in Book 8-23

Plans for every occasion, easy to sew, in Book 8-17

SEWING BOOKS
Limited quantities. First come, first served. **ORDER NOW!**

The Spool Cotton Company, Dept. C-10, 351 Clark Street, Newark 1, New Jersey

Please send me the books checked at 10 cents each, enclosed in cents

☐ No. 8-1, Girls' Sewing for Adults	☐ No. 8-7, Bags
☐ No. 8-12, Sewing for Adults	☐ No. 8-9, Ties
☐ No. 8-1, Toys	☐ No. 8-20, Aprons
☐ No. 8-11, Ties	☐ No. 8-2, Ties to Sew
☐ Teen Ideas	☐ No. 8-22, 20 H
	☐ No. 8-23, Trimmings

Name (please print) _____
Street _____
Address _____

ADVENTURE IN MEXICO

(Continued from page 49)

But Frieda Wills paid the restaurant proprietor the instant he arrived with the food. She too had realized, Tep thought despairingly, that a message might be folded inside a peso.

Tep couldn't taste the sandwich, but she made herself eat it. She wouldn't give their captor the satisfaction of knowing for certain that it was help Tep had wanted, and not food, when she had suggested that they stop.

"We'll need gas very soon," Sylvia said quietly, as they were finishing. The man was coming over to take their emptied bottles, and overheard her.

"You'll find the gasoline, *señorita*," he said with a little bow, "just beyond the plaza—the square."

"Oh. Thank you." Frieda Wills dismissed him with a wave. "Very well. We'll stop there," she said to Sylvia.

Once more Tep felt a stirring of hope. If there was a rest room at the gas station—well, Frieda Wills probably wouldn't follow her in there. And maybe . . .

While the tank was being filled by grinning, brown-eyed boys, Tep said, "I'd like to go to the ladies' room. There's one there, on the side of the building."

"I'll go with you," Sylvia said quickly.

"She'll go by herself," Frieda Wills stated flatly. "You may go later."

Tep glanced over her shoulder at Sylvia as she left the car. It would have been nice if they could have had just a few moments alone together. But perhaps it was better this way.

As she walked across hard-packed earth toward the door marked "Damas," Tep took careful note of its construction. The door swung outward, and its hinges were on the side nearer the car. Good. That would help.

She shut it behind herself with a loud bang. And then, a short moment later, she opened the door again a mere crack.

Cautiously she peered around its edge. Frieda Wills wasn't looking in her direction. Apparently the woman believed that neither Barrett sister would attempt to run away from the other.

Slowly Tep eased the door open, slipped out, and closed it again. She moved along the wall the short distance to the far corner and went around it to the back of the building.

For one sickening instant she thought her scheme was already doomed to failure. Her searching eyes saw no one at all to whom she could appeal. Then a slight movement caught her attention. Farther down, along the back wall, was a man seated on the ground, lazily smoking. He looked up at her, his face expressionless under his broad-brimmed sombrero.

ORDER-BY-MAIL

Over Shoulder Bags

STYLED BY VICKI



WE PAY POSTAGE

Style #805 Slings over your shoulder for classes, shorten the strap and have a honey for us. Plastic calf with a 10 inch zipper, 8 1/2 inch diameter. It's mighty sharp

Colors: Black, Tan, Brown, Red, Navy, White Plastic Calf. \$4 (Including 30% Federal Tax)

Style #810 New envelope flap with polished metal lift lock. Wide bottom, adjustable handle (8 1/2 x 9 inches)...wear over shoulder or shorten for dates. Black Plastic Patent or Brown, Tan, Navy, Red Plastic Calf. \$4 (Including 30% Federal Tax)

VICKI HANDBAGS

503 N. 12th Street Saint Louis 7, Mo.

GIRLS! HERE'S an EASY WAY to HAVE a CLEAR SMOOTH COMPLEXION

Just do this — wash your face night and morning with luxurious Cuticura Soap, then smooth on fragrant, creamy Cuticura Ointment. Recommended by many nurses. Buy at your neighborhood druggists.



FRAGRANT-MILDLY MEDICATED
CUTICURA
SOAP & OINTMENT

ONE PLUS ONE PLUS . . .

Addition is fun! When you add another U. S. Savings Stamp to those you already have, doesn't it give you a good feeling? You've taken one more step toward a Savings Bond—but that's not all. You've invested your own money in something you believe in—your country. You're a shareholder in the future.

BUY U. S. SAVINGS STAMPS AND BONDS

THE PIN WITH THE LASTING GRIP
SMOOTH FINISH INSIDE AND OUT



Scoldy Lox BORNEO HAIR PINS

BOOK OF ARTCRAFT
FOR PROFIT ON GIFTS
Decorate burnt wood stickings, glorified t-ops, brass and copper craft, etc. Write today!
Thayer & Chandler, 910 W. Van Buren St. Chicago 7, Ill.

Tep ran the few steps to stand beside him.

"Please," she asked, "please—do you understand English?"

He closed his eyes slowly, and then opened them again. But otherwise he gave no sign.

Tep spoke slowly and distinctly. "There is a woman in our car," she said, "who is a criminal. A thief. Do you understand? Her name is Frieda Wills. You must tell the police. She has a gun. You understand? A gun."

A flicker of something showed behind his eyes, and he murmured something at her which was—she thought, she hoped—a repetition of her last two words.

"Yes, yes," Tep said, nodding urgently. "Please tell the police. They must follow us."

But the man was no longer listening. Slowly he was rising to his feet.

Tep's heart was beating madly. He had understood. He was already going for help.

And now she had to get back to the door of the ladies' room without being detected, and seem to emerge from there.

The worst moment was when she peered around the corner. Frieda Wills, however, was once more looking ahead, and not over toward her. With a single leap Tep was at the door and half behind it. And then she swung it outward, as if she were just opening it.

Her knees were shaking as she walked back to the car, and she was glad to sit down.

"All right. Now you may go." Frieda Wills nudged Sylvia. She paused an instant, and then she said, "I believe I'll go with you." When she got out of the car she stood still briefly, looking at Tep. "I assume you're intelligent enough not to attempt to inform anyone of my identity," she said. "But just in case you had intended to try anything so foolish, I may as well tell you that there is no one in this place who speaks English." And with a sardonic little smile she walked off, keeping Sylvia humiliatingly before her.

Tep sat perfectly still while they were gone. She didn't know whether they were away three minutes or thirty. She was too busy concentrating on the man to whom she had spoken, willing him with all her strength to do what she had asked him to do. Perhaps he would even be able to find the police and return before they drove off.

But no. Sylvia and Frieda Wills were coming toward the car now. In a few seconds they would be off.

The back door of the car slammed, and Sylvia slipped under the wheel and closed her own door. She stepped on the starter and the motor came to life.

She was just releasing the brake when the man to whom Tep had spoken came hurrying around the



delectable lapel pins

2.95 set of 3

Nip 'n' Sip, 1.95 set of 2

Chip, 1.00 each

PLUS TAX

"Wee Three" . . . fork, spoon and knife—to pin as a trio, a duo, or one by one. Delectable entree for dinner dates—best bet on the menu for all day fashion fare, in silver-finish, pink or yellow gold-plated metal.

AT STORES LISTED AND OTHER FINE SHOPS

Akron, Ohio	Anderson Co.	Greensburg, Pa.	Troutman &	Pontiac, Mich.	Waller's
Baltimore, Md.	O'Neill's	Harrisburg, Pa.	Pomeroy &	Parkville, Pa.	Pomeroy &
Boston, Mass.	Jordan Marsh	Indianapolis, Ind.	Troutman &	Rydal, Pa.	Pomeroy &
Boston, Mass.	C. F. Hensley	Jackson, Miss.	Fox &	San Antonio, Tex.	Joske's of Texas
Buffalo, Pa.	Troutman &	Kansas City, Mo.	Phelan	Savannah, Ga.	B. H. Levy
Cincinnati, Ohio	Reiman's	Lake Charles, La.	Murphy	Seattle, Wash.	The Bon Marche
Columbus, Ohio	Troutman &	Lebanon, Pa.	Riedel	Springfield, Mo.	Heer's
Columbus, Ohio	Troutman &	Lowell, Mass.	The Bon Ton	St. Paul, Minn.	The Golden Rule
Dallas, Texas	Trotter-Goodner	Lynchburg, Va.	The Bon Marche	Syracuse, N. Y.	Dry's
Dayton, Ohio	Troutman &	Malden, Mass.	Guggenheimer &	Tampa, Fla.	The Fisher Co.
Everett, Wash.	Rumrigh-MacLean	Mankato, Minn.	Joist &	Waterloo, Iowa	Maas Brothers
Grand Rapids, Mich.	Hergula-Mor's	New York City	Donahoe's	Wheat Ridge, Pa.	Bach's
Greensburg, N. C.	Meyer's	Ogden, Utah	Gertz-Jamaica	Yakima, Wash.	Pomeroy &
		Patterson, N. J.	Anderson &		Barnes-Woodin
			Busckebush &		

At stores listed above or send \$3.45, for set of 3, directly to:

ALPHA-CRAFT, INC., 303 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK 16

Look neat.. Sweet in

PHOENIX Anklets

THE HIGH QUALITY OF PHOENIX ANKLETS IS CONSTANTLY MAINTAINED

PHOENIX HOSIERY COMPANY
Milwaukee 1,
Wisconsin

YOUR SHOES ARE SHOWING!



EMBARRASSING, ISN'T IT?

YOU NEED SHINOLA

● If you care about the way you look to other people, the appearance of your shoes is something you can't overlook. And that's where Shinola comes in. In addition to improving your appearance, Shinola's scientific combination of oily waxes helps hold in and replenish the normal oils in leather—helps maintain flexibility, and that means longer wear. KEEP 'EM SHINING WITH SHINOLA.



IN CANADA IT'S 2 IN 1

FRIENDSHIP LOG

A MEMORY BOOK to be filled in by your friends. Special sections for autograph, signer's picture, address, birthday, likes and dislikes, favorite movie star, favorite boy's and girl's name, life ambition, etc. Handsome red flexible leatherette cover, gold title, 80 pages. A WONDERFUL GIFT.



\$1.00 postpaid
ORDER FROM YOUR
LOCAL DEALER OR DIRECT

FREDERICK M. BEACH, Dept. 80
200 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK 10, N. Y.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____

far side of the gasoline station. He was beside them before Tep had decided what to do if he shouted out something about having informed the police.

He had a little clay jug in one hand, and a small enameled cup in the other. And he said something, with a warm Mexican smile, as he held them both out.

"What?" Frieda Willis spoke sharply from the back seat.

"He's saying *agua*," Sylvia said. "That's the word for water. I guess he's offering it for sale."

Frieda Willis reached forward to motion him away. "For goodness' sake start the car," she said sharply. "We've already wasted enough time."

"No, *gracias*," Sylvia told the man. The car started to move.

He looked directly at Tep, and repeated the strange word again. "*Agua, señorita. Lo quiere, no?*" And he stood looking after them with a surprised and baffled expression as they drove off.

"He acted as if you'd asked for it," Frieda Willis said. "I thought I made it clear to both of you that I'd rather you didn't speak to anybody at all."

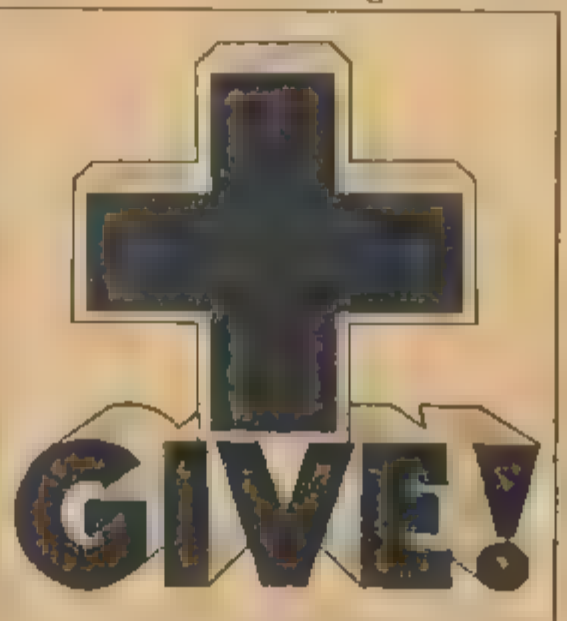
"I didn't tell him I wanted water," Tep said dully.

She realized now what had happened, of course, and the realization left her in despair. "A gun," she had said. And he had interpreted it as an ignorant foreigner's attempt at "*agua*."

Would it be like that, whatever she tried to do? Was there no way at all to get word of their need for help?

She felt herself beginning to shake all over, with the effort not to cry. There must be something she could do. There *must* be. Even if she couldn't speak the language of this country, there must be some means by which she could reach someone who would understand.

Her hands closed tightly on her purse as she struggled to control herself. If Frieda Willis guessed how



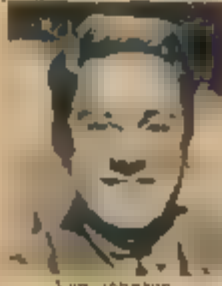
The job ahead . . . DEPENDS ON YOU! The Red Cross serves in peace as in war, giving necessities in times of disaster at home and abroad. Your help is needed. Support the 1947 Red Cross Fund.

A rough sketch
of
"that
good
looking
feeling"



Don Miller Junior

MOVIE STAR PHOTOS IN FULL COLORS



JORNEL WILDE - RITA
HAYWORTH - ROBERT
MITCH - TYRONE
POWER - ESTHER W.
LAM - PETER LAW
FORD - TOM DRAKE
JANE RUSSELL
GREGORY PECK
JUDY GARLAND - ROBERT
WALKER - PEPE
COMO - JEANNE CRAIN
JACK HAYMES
HELMUT GANTNER
DANA ANDREWS - EN
GH OBERDMAN - OHN
HODAK - GENE TIER

NEY - FRANK SINATRA - VAN JOHNSON
JUNE ALLYSON - ALAN LADD - LANA TURNER
BOB HOOPER - BETTY GRADLE - ALICE
FAYE - SON A MENIE - GENE ALTRY - DANE
CLARK - GLENN DAVEN - GUY MADISON
- BOB HUTTON - LON MALLISTER - BING
CROSBY - CLARK GABLE - BETTY HUTTON
LALLEN BALAL - GREER GARSON - MARGARET
OBREIN - WM (BILL) ELLIOT - PAULETTE GODDARD

These 80 color photos are printed on beautiful paper, size 8 1/2 x 11 in. Full color. Colors. Your choice of any 3 photos, each for 25¢. Any 8 for \$2.00. Any 12 for \$3.00. Any 24 for \$5.00. Any 48 for \$9.00. Any 80 for \$15.00. Send your order for a special offer NOW.

IRVING KLAU
212 East 14 St.
Dept. 8-21, New York City 3, N. Y.

TRADING CARDS

It's fun to collect and trade playing cards. Even Don Miller Junior started when he was young. Start your collection today with BRAND NEW CARDS. Packets are all different and come in pairs. Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6—25¢ each. No. 7, 48¢ each. Different for \$1. No. 8, 80¢ each. Different for \$2. Postpaid. Send \$1.00 for each card. 1947 trading card album will be ready soon. Evanston Gift House, 503 Howard St., Evanston, Ill.

If you are moving let us know immediately. Send both your old address and your new one to:

Subscription Adjustment Bureau,
Calling All Girls,
52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

upset she was, she might also surmise what Tep had tried to do, and that would be fatal. Tep thought the last straw in this fantastic, terrifying situation would be the amusement Frieda Wills would express over Tep's childish effort to be rescued.

Suddenly she was aware, through the leather of her pocketbook, of the pencil inside it.

Yes. She'd meant to write a note. Well, she could still do that. With a note in her pocket, ready to be slipped to the first English-speaking person with whom they came into contact, there might still be some hope. Anyway, it was better to be trying than simply to be sitting there doing nothing.

Inch by inch she tugged open the zipper closing, and very carefully she pulled out the pencil and a scrap of paper torn cautiously from her address book. It took a surprisingly long time, but she wouldn't allow herself to hurry, for fear some slight noise, or the movement of her shoulders, might give her away.

While Tep was trying to figure out what to write, Frieda Wills unexpectedly made a little speech.

"I'm glad you're both being so sensible about this," she said. "I decided when I first saw you at the border that you were both fairly intelligent, and you're behaving just as I thought you would—not making any unnecessary fuss, and not crying all over the place. I hate women who cry. You're wise to take this so calmly."

"Calmly!" Tep thought to herself, gripping the pencil.

"And when we reach Mexico City safely," the cold voice concluded, "I'll step out of your lives and you can forget you ever saw me. If we don't—if there should be any slip-up on the way—well, you may both regret that even more than I should."

Slowly Tep's hand relaxed on the pencil.

Probably Frieda Wills was right. Probably it was foolish to try to inform someone of their predicament. If the effort was a failure, and Frieda Wills discovered what Tep had been doing, the two Barretts might find themselves in an even worse situation.

On the other hand, if they went on behaving "calmly" until the woman had been delivered to her destination, then they could go to the authorities and...

Tep's train of thought came to an abrupt halt. If she had thought of that, surely Frieda Wills had thought of it too. When they reached Mexico, their usefulness to Frieda Wills would be over. But they would go on being dangerous to her, simply because they knew about her. They would be dangerous to her all their lives.

"So that means we won't live very long," Tep told herself. She said the words over and over again, trying to make the incredible fact seem real.



COUGHING IS OFFENSIVE!

Here's Quick 3-Way Relief:



Go after those offensive minor coughs due to colds at the very first scratchy "tickle." Get Smith Brothers' famous Black Cough Drops, a scientific prescription type formula of proven cough-remed ingredients used for years by the medical profession.

Smith Brothers bring quick, long-lasting relief 3 important ways: 1. Ease throat tickle. 2. Soothe raw, irritated membranes. 3. Help loosen phlegm.

Now in greatest demand of whole 99-year history. Buy 2 packs today for

for pocket, one for bedside if night coughs strike.



Be the first to wear the latest! MONOGRAMMED PATENTED (NON-SLIP) BARETTE with YOUR initials on it

Dreamy idea for all you hepcats. Your friends will turn green with envy when you step out with this terrific new Monogrammed Barette. It's date-bait—but don't be hasty up, Gates, and fill out the coupon below. Tarnish proof, stainless steel initials, hinged clasp. In color matchab as. Quick del very—prepaid!



KEL SALES CO. 64
300 NORTH ROBERT ST.
ST. PAUL 1, MINNESOTA

Enclosed find \$ _____ Please send Monogrammed Barettes. The initials I want are _____ (2 or 3 initials)

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

☐ RD
☐ W
☐ GREEN
☐ BLUE
☐ ORCHID
☐ SILVER

ONLY 50¢ EACH
IN CLASP-MATES

2 for \$1

POSTPAID
NO C.O.D.s PLEASE

IF YOUR DEALER CAN'T SUPPLY YOU
MAIL COUPON TODAY

Made for
Each Other
... YOU and



They're
designed
with you
in mind.
that's why
they fit so
beautifully.
mould so
comfortably!

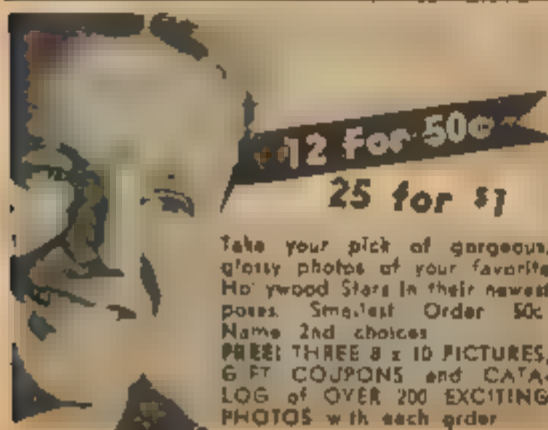
If you can't find your style at first, try again! Dealers
get supplies monthly. Send for Style and Conservation
Literature: Maiden Form Brassiere Co., Inc., New York 16.



HAIR CLIP

Never highlight the hair
back to the scalp. Clip
around your crown, and
your hair will be
in perfect condition.
TO ORDER: Write to
Glamour Miss, Inc.,
Dept. for Glamour
Miss, 100 N. 1st St.,
New York, N.Y.

Cut out coupon and mail today to
DANNE PRODUCTS 543 E. Tremont Ave.
N. Y. 17 N. Y.
Please send me _____ name clips at \$1.59 each
No COD'S. Postage and tax included Guaranteed
NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____
Print names on separate piece of paper



Take your pick of gorgeous,
glossy photos of your favorite
Hollywood Stars in their newest
poses. Smallest Order 50¢.
Name 2nd choices
FREE! THREE 8 x 10 PICTURES,
6 FT COUPONS and CATA-
LOG of OVER 200 EXCITING
PHOTOS with each order

"She'll have to get rid of us. She'll
have to."

Tep stared down at the pencil in
her hand. She knew now that if they
didn't get help before they reached
Mexico City, it would be too late.

But what could she write? As-
suming she could ever deliver a note
to anyone, what could she possibly
put in it that would express the ter-
rible danger they were in?

After a long time she began to
write.

"Just the facts," she told herself.
"You can't cry and scream on paper.
Just the facts." She put them down
as briefly as she could.

"Middle-aged woman in our car
(black sedan, New Jersey license
M010) is Frieda Wills," she printed
slowly. "She is wanted in connec-
tion with bank robbery in U. S. Our
lives are in danger. Please help.
Use caution. She has a gun and is
desperate." There was no room to
write any more, except for her own
name and Sylvia's squeezed in at the
bottom.

She read it over, drew heavy lines
under the words *danger* and *desper-
ate*, and then folded the piece of
paper into tiny dimensions and put
it in her pocket. The pencil she
slipped back into her purse.

Now there was nothing to do but
wait. She didn't even dare let her-
self look at Sylvia, for fear the
glance they exchanged—surely Syl-
via had seen what she was doing—
would give it all away.

"If we'd only see the Dolson boys,"
Tep thought frantically, "or that nice
older man Sylvia was talking to.
Or anybody who could understand."

She remembered that Larry Dol-
son had said, as they drove off from
the customs station, "We'll probably
be seeing you. People run into each
other all the time on this road."

Well, they hadn't run into them
yet. Probably both the Dolsons and
that man were miles ahead of them
by now.

During the past few minutes the
mountains to their right had seemed
to come closer to the road. And
now, Tep saw, the highway rose into
them in a long incline. A moment
later the car was climbing it.

The flat valley through which they
had been traveling rolled out behind
them like a great green carpet pat-
terned in a design of squares marked
off by rows of gray-green cacti serv-
ing as fences. Tep tried to concen-
trate on the magnificence of it.

But suddenly all she was aware
of was that there was a car parked
at the edge of the road at the top
of the hill. Standing beside it, ad-
miring the view, was a man.

"Don't stop," Frieda Wills warned
instantly.

They were almost abreast of the
man now, and just as Tep recognized
him she heard Frieda Wills call out,
"Hello." In a lower voice she added
swiftly, "Wave—both of you."

It was the distinguished-looking
man Sylvia had talked to at the bor-

BLONDES



New Home Shampoo Washes
Hair Shades Lighter SAFELY

Made specially for blondes, this new sham-
poo helps keep light hair from darkening;
brightens faded hair. Called *Blondex* it
quickly makes a rich cleansing lather. In-
stantly removes the dingy, dust laden film
that makes blonde hair dark, old-looking.
Takes only 11 minutes to do at home. Gives
hair attractive luster and highlights—keeps
that just-shampooed look for a whole week.
Safe for children's hair. *Blondex* is sold at
10¢ drug and department stores.



STAMP COLLECTORS

ABSOLUTELY FREE Stamp Collectors
Catalogue. Send for it today. No charge.

RAYMAX, 127-G William St., N. Y. C.



PINS 30¢ RINGS 50¢

For your class or club. Over
300 designs. Free catalogue.
Write Dept. H, Metal Arts Co.,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

FREE CATALOG

Coming Soon In

CALLING ALL GIRLS

Love Story

And it's just that—about a girl who
might be you, and the boy she loved.

You Can Sew
Your Own

A well-known designer, Mariiska Karasz,
gives lots of practical suggestions on
how to choose becoming styles—and
how to go about making them yourself.

Beauty Course
for Bedrooms

Is your room sort of tired—and dull-
looking? Here are a lot of good ways
to pep it up—and you, too.

What It Means
to Grow Up

An authority on girls explains why you
feel and behave the way you do in your
teen years—and what to do about it.

And the other fine features, fun, fact,
and fiction you can always find in
the pages of your favorite magazine.

der station. For a long instant Tep was stunned with the miracle of it. Then she acted. She pulled her clenched hand from her pocket, the note inside it, and thrust it outside the window. Just as they drove past, Tep dropped her arm. And when her hand was below the level of the window she opened her fingers.

The dampness of her palm made the paper cling an instant, and she flicked at it frantically. Then it was gone. Looking ridiculously small, it fluttered to the ground in the wake of their car.

With an enormous effort of will, Tep forced herself to turn around and look straight ahead.

Had he seen it? And if he had, would he think it was only a candy wrapper, and let it lie there? Or would he pick it up?

Would he? Would he? Would he?

The humming of the tires on the smooth road seemed to repeat the question over and over.

(To be continued)

CALLING ALL CAMERAS

Do you have a camera? Do you like to photograph your pets, your friends, or interesting scenes? Then it's time to get busy!

The Second Annual National High School Photographic Awards will be held this year from February 15 through May 15. And—there'll be 361 cash prizes from \$5 to \$500 awarded to teen-agers.

The judges? Helen Hayes, star of stage and radio, and ardent photographer; Norman Rockwell, artist and illustrator; and Kenneth W. Williams, director of the Photographic Studios, Eastman Kodak Company.

In the rules folder, which you can get with your entry blank from your high school or your photographic dealer, you'll find there are five classes of entry, including children, scenes and still-life, hobbies, animals and pets, and school projects. One of the snapshots you've taken since May 15, 1946 may rate a prize. But just to increase your chances, get out your camera and start shooting others now!

Pictures that tell simple, quickly understood stories always stand the best chance of winning. The majority of story-telling snapshots are most easily made where your subject is concentrating on his work, hobby, or whatever. Spotting a person in the foreground of a scenic snapshot adds to the pictorial value, too. But if you include people in your landscape studies, don't let them look toward the camera. And of course all snapshots must be sharp, clear, properly exposed, though general interest and appeal, rather than photographic excellence, will be the deciding factor with the judges.

Here's another tip: crop or trim your pictures so that all interest is centered on your subject.

So shoot away, and when you come up with some dandies, shoot them in to the National High School Photographic Awards. You may be one of the lucky people to come up with a prize.

DON'T BE BOTHERED by a BLOTCHY SKIN



Just when you want to look your special best, you glance in the mirror and—horrors, a pimple! Or some smarty calls you "Freckle-face." Yes, blotches can ruin your fun. But you can hide 'em . . . quickly, safely. Just pat on HIDE-IT, let it dry and then powder your face if you wish.

NOW look in your mirror. Not a blemish in sight! You fly out in your prettiest party frock, your self-confidence completely restored.

THOUSANDS DEPEND ON HIDE-IT

Girls, boys, men and women everywhere use this tested and approved blemish-concealer. HIDE-IT veils most temporary and permanent skin defects: pimples, small scars, birthmarks, bruises. 5 shades to match your own skin: Light, Medium, Rachele, Brunette, San Tan.

USE HIDE-IT as your powder base—stays on for hours. Large jar \$1.00 10c size also, at all 10c counters. Or order either size from us.

*Plus 20% Fed. tax

CLARK-MILLNER, 308 W. Erie, Dept. AH, Chicago 10

Looks Like a Compact



CONCEALS SANITARY NAPKINS or TAMPONS sani-case

HYGIENIC PLASTIC CASE

Sani-Case keeps your secret—while it keeps a sanitary napkin or supply of tampons always handy. Fits conveniently into purse or desk drawer . . . keeps sanitary needs (tissues too) fresh and clean.

A product of STOR-AID, Fifth Ave., N. Y.

50c at 5 & 10c, Dept., Drug Stores
If unavailable in your city, mail coupon.

STOR-AID, Inc., Dept. E-1
347 Fifth Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

Please send me . . . sani-case(s) at 50c each,
plus 10c to cover postage and packing for
one or more. I enclose \$
Indicate color — ☐ Brown or ☐ Ivory.

NAME

ADDRESS

In Canada add 10c

All eyes will be focused on your wrist if—

you are wearing one of these
exciting new bracelets with your
favorite stars in brilliant gold
plated metal

\$2.95 tax inc.
postpaid

Registered check or
money order only



- | | |
|--|---|
| ☐ 1. B. Crosby | ☐ 6. G. Peck |
| ☐ 2. F. Sinatra | ☐ 7. G. Cooper |
| ☐ 3. V. Johnson | ☐ 8. C. Gable |
| ☐ 4. T. Dorsey | ☐ 9. H. James |
| ☐ 5. B. Hope | ☐ 10. R. Milland |
- Check your choice of six

Print Name

Address

City State
(U. S. orders only)

Enclosed \$ for bracelets.

STAR CHARMS, Box 275, Attleboro, Mass.

Look for Fashions OK'd by CALLING ALL GIRLS

(or similar fashions) In teen departments
of the Official Headquarters Stores listed below:

*Akron, Ohio.....The M. O'Neil Co.
*Albany, N. Y.....Wander Shop
*Albert Lea, Minn.....Stevenson's
*Albuquerque, N. M.

Kistler, Callister & Co.
Allentown, Pa.....Hess Brothers
*Altoona, Pa.....The Wm. F. Gable Co.
Amarillo, Tex.....White & Kirk
*Anderson, Ind.....Hills, Inc.
*Anderson, S. C.....Fleishman Company
Ann Arbor, Mich.....Goodyear's
Appleton, Wis.....H. C. Prange Co.
*Asheville, N. C.....Ivey's
Ashland, Ohio.....Carlisle-Allen Co.
Athens, Ga.....Michael Bros., Inc.
Atlantic City, N. J.....The National
Augusta, Ga.....Davison-Paxon Co.
Augusta, Me.....D. W. Adams Co.
Aurora, Ill.....Block & Kuhl Co.
*Austin, Minn.....Stevenson's
*Austin, Tex.....Yarling's
Baker, Ore.....C. C. Anderson Company
Baltimore, Md.....Stewart & Co.
Baton Rouge, La.....Godchaux's
Blairstown, N. Y.....McLean's Dept. Store
*Birmingham, Ala.

Loveman, Joseph & Loeb, Inc.
*Bismarck, N. D.....Robertson's Dept. Store
Boise, Idaho.....C. C. Anderson Stores Co.
Boston, Mass.....Gilchrist's
Bridgeport, Conn.
The Howland Dry Goods Co.
Bristol, Conn.....Muzzy Bros. Co., Inc.
*Brookline, Mass.....Edgar's
*Brunswick, Ga.....Altman's Dress Shop
*Buffalo, N. Y.....E. W. Edwards & Son
Burlington, Iowa.....J. S. Schramm Co.
Burlington, Vt.

Abernathy Clarkson Wright
Cedar Rapids, Iowa.....The Kilian Co.
Centralia, Ill.....The Topper's Store
Champaign, Ill.....W. Lewis & Co.
Charleston, S. C.....The Sandbox
Charleston, W. Va.....The Diamond Store
*Charlotte, N. C.....J. B. Ivey & Co.
Chattanooga, Tenn.....Miller Bros. Co.
Cincinnati, Ohio.....The Big Store
Clarksburg, W. Va.....Parsons-Souders Co.
Clarksville, Tenn.....Morton's, Inc.
Cleveland, Ohio.....Wm. Taylor Sons & Co.
*Clinton, Iowa

John D. Van Allen & Son, Inc.
Colorado Springs, Colo.....Kaufman's, Inc.
*Columbia, S. C.
The James L. Tapp Company
Columbus, Ga.....J. A. Kirven Co.
*Columbus, Ohio.....The Union Co.
Connellsville, Pa.....The Troutman Co.
Corpus Christi, Tex.....Randall's
Cumberland, Md.....Rosenbaum Bros., Inc.
Danbury, Conn.....John McLean, Inc.
Danville, Ill.....Block & Kuhl Co.
Danville, Va.....L. Harmon
Dayton, Ohio.....The Elder & Johnston Co.
*Daytona Beach, Fla.

Yowell-Drew-Ivey Co.
Decatur, Ill.....Block & Kuhl Co.
Denver, Colo.....Jardin Dry Goods Co.
Derby, Conn.....The Tweed Shop
*Des Moines, Iowa.....Yankers
*Detroit, Mich.....Crowley, Milner & Co.
*Duluth, Minn.....Orack's
Easton, Pa.....Eagle Youth Centre
E. Stroudsburg, Pa.....Zacher's
*Eau Claire, Wis.....The Fashion Store
Elgin, Ill.....Ackermann Bros.
Elizabeth, N. J.....R. J. Goerke Co.
Elk City, Okla.....Burr Store
El Paso, Tex.....Popular Dry Goods Co.
Eureka, Calif.....The White House
Evansville, Ind.....Lord's, Inc.
Evansville, Ind.....The Baby Shop
Everett, Wash.....Rumbough-McLain
Fairmont, W. Va.....J. M. Hartley & Son Co.
Fargo, N. D.....O. J. DeLendredre Co.
Flint, Mich.....The Fair
Florence, S. C.....Belk's Dept. Store
Fond du Lac, Wis.....Hill Brothers
*Fort Madison, Iowa.....The Parisian
*Fort Smith, Ark.....Hunt Dry Goods Co.
*Fort Wayne, Ind.....Grand Leader
*Fort Worth, Tex.....Monnig's
Frankfort, Ind.....M. B. Throther Co.
Freeport, Ill.....F. A. Read Co.
Freemont, Nebr.

The Brown-McDonald Company
Gainesville, Fla.....Wilson Co.
Gary, Ind.....H. Gordon & Sons

Geneva, N. Y.

J. W. Smith Dry Goods Co.
Glens Falls, N. Y.....Merkel & Gelman
Gloucester, Mass.....William G. Brown Co.
Grand Island, Neb.....Wolbach's
Grand Rapids, Mich.....Herpolzheimer Co.
Great Falls, Mont.....Strain Brothers
Green Bay, Wis.....H. C. Prange Co.
Greensburg, Pa.....The Bon Tan
Greenville, S. C.....Mayers-Arnold Co.
Hamilton, Ohio.....Wilmers, Inc.
Harrisburg, Pa.....Bowman & Co.
*Harrisburg, Va.

The Joseph Hay & Sons Company
*Hartford, Conn.....Brown Thomson, Inc.
Hastings, Nebr.....Brach's, Ltd.
Herkimer, N. Y.....Munger's
Hibbing, Minn.....Herberger's, Inc.
Hollywood, Calif.....Broadway Dept. Store
*Honolulu, Hawaii.....Jaye's Dept. Store
Hopkinsville, Ky.....Morton's, Inc.
Hornell, N. Y.....Tulhe & Rockwell Co.
*Houston, Tex.....Palais Royal
*Huntington, W. Va.

Huntington Dry Goods Co.
Hutchinson, Kans.....Willey Dry Goods Co.
Idaho Falls, Idaho

C. C. Anderson Stores Co.
*Jackson, Mich.....Stillman Dry Goods Co.
Jackson, Miss.....R. E. Kennington Co.
Jacksonville, Fla.....Cohen Bros.
Jamestown, N. Y.

Abrahamson Bigelow Co.
*Johnstown, Pa.....Penn Traffic Co.
Joliet, Ill.....Block & Kuhl Co.
Jonesboro, Ark.

Hainemann Dry Goods Co.
Kankakee, Ill.....The Fair Stores Co.
*Kansas City, Mo.....Adler's
Kingston, N. Y.....London's Youth Center
*Knoxville, Tenn.....S. H. George & Sons
La Crosse, Wis.....Stevenson's, Inc.
*Lake Worth, Fla.....Federated Stores
Lancaster, Pa.....M. T. Garvin & Co.
Lewiston, Idaho.....C. C. Anderson Stores Co.
Lewiston, Me.....B. Peck Co.
Lexington, Ky.....Ben Snyder, Inc.
Lima, Ohio.....The Leader Store
*Lincoln, Nebr.....Gold & Co.
Logan, Utah.....C. C. Anderson Stores Co.
Long Beach, Calif.....Walker's

Los Angeles, Calif.....Broadway Dept. Store
Louisville, Ky.

Stewart Dry Goods Company
Lynchburg, Va.....C. M. Guggenheimer
Madison, Ga.....Burden Smith & Co.
*Madison, Wis.....Harry S. Manchester, Inc.
*Mankato, Minn.....Geo. E. Brett Co.
Manchester, N. H.....James W. Hill Co.
Marysville, Calif.....Jaye's Town Shop
*Mason City, Iowa.....Eaton's
Massillon, Ohio.....The M. O'Neil Co.
Meadville, Pa.....The Crawford Store
*Memphis, Tenn.....S. Lowenstein & Bros., Inc.
*Meriden, Conn.....Alex. Loeb, Inc.
Middletown, N. Y.....Tomplins Dry Goods Co.
Milwaukee, Wis.....Ed. Schuster & Co.
Minneapolis, Minn.....Powers
*Minot, N. D.....Stevenson's
*Mobile, Ala.....Harry's Department Store
Moline, Ill.....Block & Kuhl Co.
*Montgomery, Ala.....The Vanity
Morgantown, W. Va.....Kaufman's
Murfreesboro, Tenn.....Goldstein's
Muskegon, Mich.....Grossman's Dept. Store
Nashville, Tenn.

Costner Knott Dry Goods Co.
Newark, N. J.....Krasge-Newark
New Britain, Conn.....Raphan's
Newburgh, N. Y.....The Senia
New London, Conn.....The Juvenile Shop
*New Orleans, La.....D. H. Holmes Co., Ltd.
New Rochelle, N. Y.....Weber's
*New York, N. Y.....Gimbel Bros.
Norfolk, Va.....Smith & Walton
Norristown, Pa.....Chaffin's Dept. Store
*Northampton, Mass.

McCallum's Dept. Store
Oakland, Calif.....Hale Bros.
Ogden, Utah.....C. C. Anderson Stores Co.
*Ogdenburg, N. Y.....The Surprise
Oklahoma City, Okla.....John A. Brown Co.
Omaha, Nebr.....Brandeis Dept. Store
Oneonta, N. Y.

Brassey's Oneonta Dept. Store
*Orlando, Fla.....Yowell-Drew-Ivey Co.
*Ottawa, Can.

A. J. Fraiman Dept. Store, Ltd.
Palmerville, Ohio.....Gail G. Grant, Inc.
*Parkersburg, W. Va.....The Surprise Store
Pasadena, Calif.....Broadway Dept. Store

Paterson, N. J.....Quackenbush Co.
Peoria, Ill.....Block & Kuhl Co.
Perry, N. Y.....Royce & Wright
Phoenix, Ariz.....Korrick's, Inc.
Philadelphia, Pa.....Gimbel Bros.
Pittsburg, Kans.....Ramsay Bros. Stores Co.
*Pittsburgh, Pa.....Rosenbaum's
Pittsfield, Mass.....England Brothers
Pontiac, Mich.....Walte's, Inc.
*Portland, Me.....Owen Moore & Co.
Portland, Ore.....Meier & Frank Co.
*Portsmouth, Ohio.....Marting Bros.
*Poughkeepsie, N. Y.....Wallace Company
*Providence, R. I.....Cherry & Webb Co.
Pueblo, Colo.....C. C. Anderson Stores Co.
Quincy, Mass.....Gilchrist's
Racine, Wis.....Zahn Dry Goods Co.
Rapid City, S. D.....Baron's
Reading, Pa.....Pomeroy's, Inc.
Redlands, Calif.....The Harris Co.
Richland, Wash.

C. C. Anderson Stores Co.
Roanoke, Va.....S. H. Helmanus Co.
*Rochester, Minn.....Stevenson's, Inc.
*Rochester, N. Y.....E. W. Edwards & Son
Rockford, Ill.....Block & Kuhl Co.
Rockford, Ill.....Hess Bros.
Rock Island, Ill.....Block & Kuhl Co.
*Sacramento, Calif.....Weinstock Lubin
Saginaw, Mich.

Wm. C. Wlechmann Co.
St. Cloud, Minn.....Herberger-Hart Co.
St. Louis, Mo.....Famous-Barr Co.
St. Paul, Minn.....Golden Rule Dept. Store
Salt Lake City, Utah.....Auerbach Co.
San Angelo, Tex

Solomon's Women's Wear
San Antonio, Tex.....Jack & Jill
*San Bernardino, Calif.

The Harris Company
Sandusky, Ohio.....The Cohn Store
San Francisco, Calif.....Hale Bros.
San Jose, Calif.....Hale Bros.
Savannah, Ga.....Leopold Adler
Schenectady, N. Y.....The Carl Co.
*Scranton, Pa.

Cleland-Simpson Company
Seattle, Wash.....The Bon Marche
Sheboygan, Wis.....H. C. Prange Co.
Sioux City, Iowa.....Davidson Bros. Co.
*South Bend, Ind.....Robertson's
Spartanburg, S. C.....Collins Dept. Store
Spokane, Wash.....Anderson's
*Springfield, Ill.....Myers Bros.
Springfield, Mass.....Forbes & Wallace, Inc.
Springfield, Mo.....Hear's, Inc.
*Springfield, Ohio.....Phillips Company
Stamford, Conn.....C. O. Miller Co.
Steubenville, Ohio.....The Hub
*Sydney, Nova Scotia.....The Smart Shop
*Syracuse, N. Y.....L. A. Witherill, Inc.
*Tacoma, Wash.....Rhodes Bros.
*Terre Haute, Ind.....Hartz Store, Inc.
Toledo, Ohio.....The Lion Dry Goods Co.
Toronto, Canada.....Northway's
Torrington, Conn.....The W. W. Mertz Co.
Trenton, N. J.....S. P. Dunham & Co., Inc.
Tucson, Ariz.....Albert Steinfeld & Co.
*Tulsa, Okla.....Froug's
Twin Falls, Idaho

C. C. Anderson Stores Co.
Uniontown, Pa.....N. Kaufman's, Inc.
Utica, N. Y.....The Boston Store
*Waco, Tex.....The Goldstein-Wigal Co.
Waltham, Mass.....Gilchrist's
Warren, Pa.....Metzger-Wright Co.
*Washington, D. C.....The Hecht Company
Waterbury, Conn.....Worth's
Watertown, S. D.....Herberger's, Inc.
Waukegan, Ill.....The Hain Co.
Wausau, Wis.....Winkelman's
*Welch, W. Va.....A. W. Cox Dept. Store
*Wheeling, W. Va.....Stone & Thomas
*Wichita, Kans.....Buck's, Inc.
*Wilkes-Barre, Pa.....Fowler, Dick & Walker
*Williamson, W. Va.

A. W. Cox Dept. Store
*Williamsport, Pa.....Brozman's
Wilmington, Del.....Kansard, Fyle Co.
Wilmington, Ohio.....The H. H. Thorne Co.
*Winona, Minn.....Stevenson's
Winston-Salem, N. C.....The Anchor Co.
Woonsocket, R. I.....McCarthy's
*Worcester, Mass.....Denham & McKay Co.
Yakima, Wash.....Barnes Wadwin Co.
York, Pa.....P. West's Sons
*Youngstown, Ohio.....G. M. McKelvey Co.
*Zanesville, Ohio.....H. Weber Sons & Co.

FROM CONTEST TO COVER



A LONG with four or five hundred other hopeful teens, Kathleen Slattery filled out a *Calling All Girls* Contest entry blank in the Teen Shop of The Hecht Company, Official Headquarters Store in Washington, D. C., and, along with model expert Harry Conover, and his model bride, Candy Jones, Nancy Pepper picked Kathleen as the winner.

Just 17 years old, Kathleen is a senior at Woodrow Wilson High School in Washington. She's about five feet five inches, weighs 108 pounds, and has naturally curly taffy-colored hair, and "pure and limpid" green eyes. All her friends, including her One-and-Only, call her "Pixie"; maybe its the tilt of her nose. She loves to listen to the Ink Spots on the phonograph, to watch Helmut Dantine on the screen, and to see roast beef on her dinner plate.

Kathleen's suit, by Dan Snyder of Winthrop flannel, about \$33 at The Hecht Company and many stores listed here. Hat by Betmar, Conover Cover Girl hatbox by Loyal, gloves by Dawnelle. Her lipstick is Red Red by Seventeen. Her front-cover Kodachrome is by William Ward.

*Stores which sponsor the official CALLING ALL GIRLS Club of the Air

If your city is not listed here, write for name of store to Fashion Department, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y.



SHAMROCK FROLIC

SHE ADDS CHARM TO
HER LIPS AND NAILS WITH
FLORESS THE NEW
FLUORESCENT LIPSTICK
AND NAIL LACQUER—AND
LOOK! EVEN HER FORMAL
SEEMS TO SPARKLE!



New Discovery! **RADIATED COLOR**

in Matching Lipstick and Nail Lacquer

Now... charge both nails and lips with glistening "radiated" color. Ignite your every costume with Floress... the new fluorescent lipstick and nail lacquer miracle containing shimmering Florium.* Unbelievably smooth, undeniably long lasting... gives you for the first time beauty that *glows*! In shades to match your every costume, every mood. At many drug and dept. stores. If not yet at your cosmetic counter, send the coupon now for generous trial sizes!

*Florium adds soft glow

Now have
Matching Lips
and Nails with
New Floress
Nail Lacquer...

FLORESS THE FLUORESCENT LIPSTICK AND NAIL LACQUER



Send for your
trial sizes
NOW



CHECK SHADES:
NEON RED ☐
SCARLET ☐
SEQUIN ☐
TWIN LIGHT ☐
FUSCHIA ☐
NORTHERN ☐
LIGHTS ☐
BLUE FLAME ☐

FLORESS, DEPT. 12-F, 205 N. MICHIGAN, CHICAGO 1, ILL.
*In Canada: Floress, Dept. 12-F, 22 College St., Toronto

Send me two trial sizes (a full month's supply) of fabulous FLORESS, the fluorescent lipstick, in shades checked at left. I enclose 25c in coin to cover all charges, including tax. Check here () if you wish all 5 shades for 50c.

☐ Send 1 trial size of Floress Fluorescent Nail Lacquer to match each lipstick shade checked. Enclose an additional 25c for 2 or 50c for 5.

☐ I enclose \$...
tax included
☐ Send C.O.D.
\$... plus postage

Check here for REGULAR SIZES:

☐ \$1.00 Lipstick in beautiful all
brass swivel case Plus Fed. Tax
☐ 60c Nail Lacquer—Slightly flu-
orescent. Plus Fed. Tax

NAME.....
(Print Plainly)

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....ZONE.....STATE.....

*In Canada, Large Lipstick \$1.35—Lacquer 80c

Your
very
"Select-Teen"
sweater set



Mix up or match up authentic British Color Council tones
100% virgin wool Cardigan, under \$6.00. Slipover, under \$5.00.
Sizes 10-16, 34-40. At leading stores everywhere.



white

grey

sandringham

horizon blue

pink ash

sun glint

chinese cherry

styled by *Select-Teens*

inc. 1384 broadway, new york 18, n. y.

* Reg.